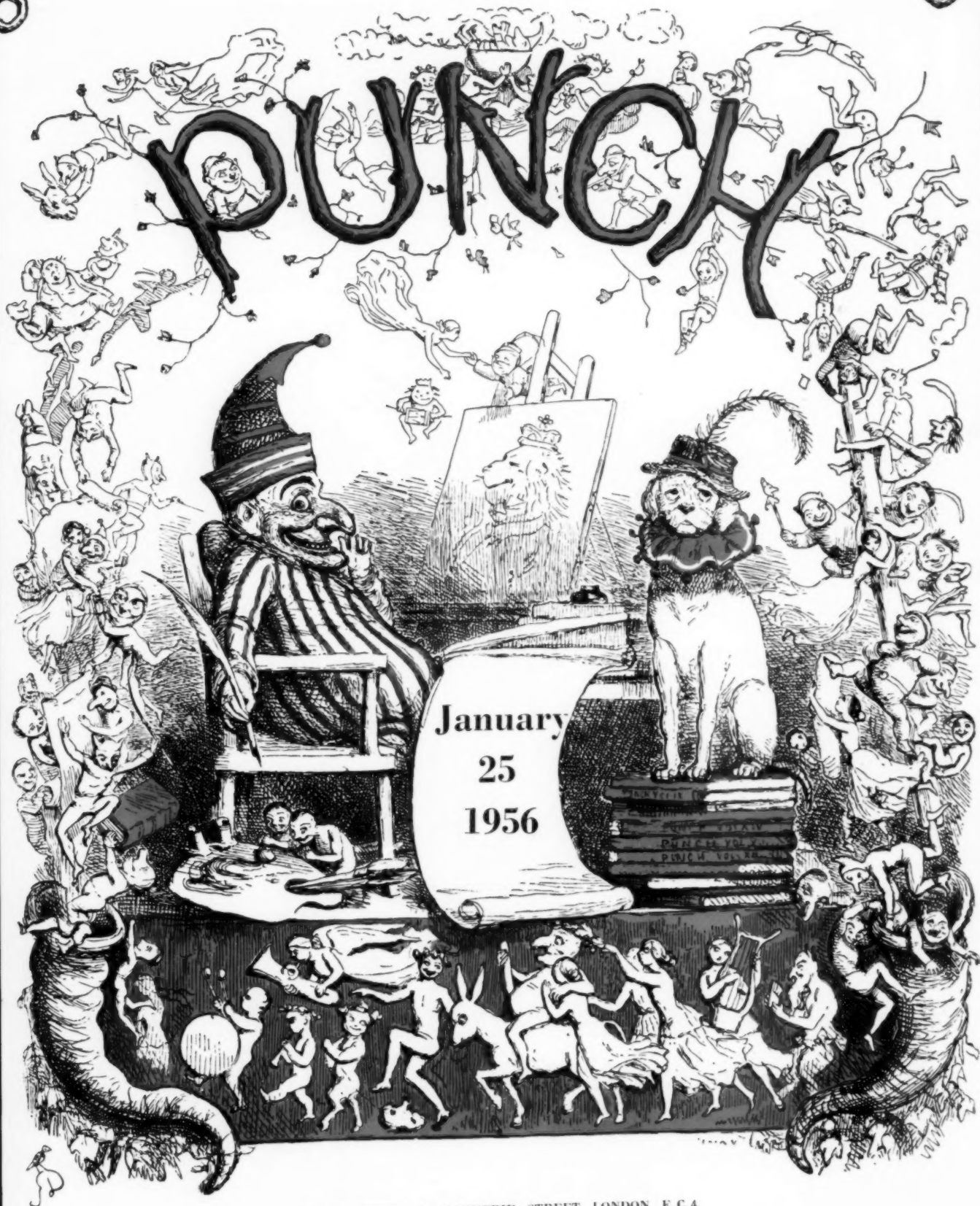


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PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

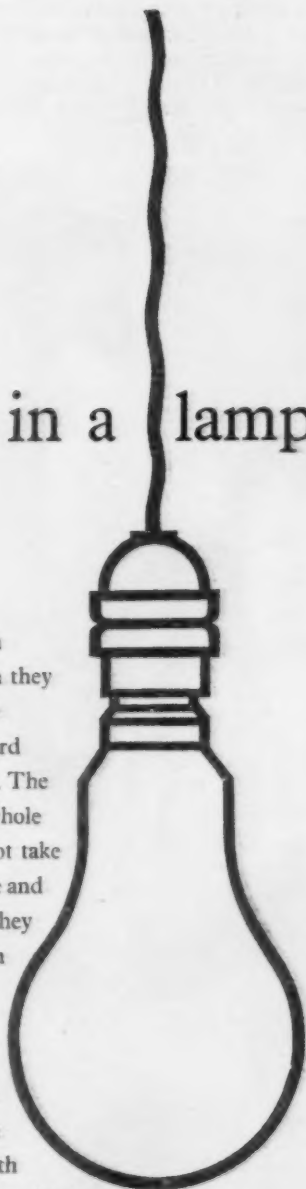


Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

*Player's
Please*

What's in a lamp?

Aren't they much of a muchness when they are made to the same British Standard Specification? . . . The truth, but not the whole truth: it does not take into account the care and skill with which they are made. That can make an awful lot of difference to how long they last. Otherwise, we at Crompton are wasting our time with every lamp we make.



Don't say 'lamps'— say

Crompton



By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
Manufacturers of Electric Lamps
Crompton Parkinson Ltd



By Appointment To Her Majesty The Queen, Match Manufacturers, Bryant & May Ltd.



What
TRADITION
means to the
connoisseur
of Cognac

It has long been an English tradition to prefer a brandy which is pale and dry, and thus proclaims its freedom from colouring and from the sweetening so often used to produce "artificial age". TRADITION Liqueur Brandy is especially blended by E. Normandin et Cie., from the best and oldest Cognac vintages, to suit this preference. The delicate amber colour of TRADITION is its natural inheritance from the oaken casks in which the years have mellowed it. Its exquisite fineness is the inimitable creation of quality and time.

Normandin Cognac TRADITION Liqueur Brandy
Bottles: 57/6 each. Half-bottles: 29/3 each

★ FOR A SPLENDID 3-STAR—LOREL

Although TRADITION is not inexpensive, you can with an easy conscience spend on it what you sensibly save on LOREL — an uncommonly excellent pure French Brandy which costs only 37/6 a bottle. Perfect for brandies-and-sodas.

If these two Brandies have not yet arrived in your locality, please write to:

BRANDIES OF FRANCE LIMITED
13 Maze Pond London, S.E.1



BARON TAKES TEA WITH MRS. 'TEDDY' LAMBTON

Anne Lambton, popular town and country socialite, fashion consultant and holder of the title 'One of Britain's Best Dressed Women', takes a moment for this informal study by eminent photographer, Baron. With her is 'Cocoa', reigning monarch in the famous 'Lambton Dynasty' of Pekingese. Mrs. Lambton is married to Newmarket race-horse breeder and owner, 'Teddy' Lambton, a cousin of the Earl of Durham. She divides a busy life between their charming old country house, Mesnil Warren, Newmarket, and their town flat overlooking Regent's Park.



MRS. LAMBTON: I hope you'll forgive me, Baron . . . just got back from the stables . . . I *must* have a cup of tea—do you mind?

BARON: Not at all, Anne—unless you plan to drink alone. Let's see . . . last time I was here I photographed your brood mares and foals—remember?

MRS. LAMBTON: Indeed I do. We thought them awfully good. Mother used one of the photos as a Christmas card.

BARON: Did *she* . . . that deserves a little inside information don't you think? Any good 'uns in the stable this year?

MRS. LAMBTON: Yes, there are two very good two-year-olds in training. One is a sprinter. The other is more likely to make a stayer. But the only dead cert I can promise you this afternoon is a jolly good cup of tea.

BARON: Ah—some rare, exquisite 'Lambton blend', eh?

MRS. LAMBTON: Well, exquisite perhaps, but hardly *rare*. Actually it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest' blend. We think it's delicious and the joy is we can simply order it from the village grocer when we need it. That way it's always fresh. Milk or lemon?

*Sick people
need protein
to speed
recovery*



Doctors recommend it
in this partially
pre-digested form

When people are ill or feverish they usually can't face food—and couldn't digest ordinary food, anyway. But, in fact, they *do* need nourishment—especially body-building protein.

That's exactly where Brand's Essence helps. Scientifically made from fine beef or chicken, it provides a valuable protein supplement to the diet, in a form and strength that will not overtax an invalid's digestion—a clear, fat-free jelly that is easily absorbed and *cannot* irritate.

This is because it is made in a way that saves the stomach the first process of digestion—it is, in effect, partially pre-digested.

More important still, by stimulating the digestive juices, Brand's Essence encourages *natural* appetite. Soon the patient can take more food. More food means more strength. The turn to quick recovery begins.

This twofold action makes Brand's Essence equally effective in minor ailments: 'flu, colds, a stomach upset, or when someone is off-colour or just "too tired to eat." Keep a jar of palatable, strengthening Brand's Essence on hand—so time-saving when there's extra work with sick-ness in the house.



Brand's Essence Chicken 4/3
Beef 3/3

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

cafe royal

A 90-year tradition

"In 1865 the Cafe Royal in Regent Street was founded as a restaurant of quality, a characteristic which today we seek to express in the great beauty of its rooms, the excellence of its food and the perfection of its service".

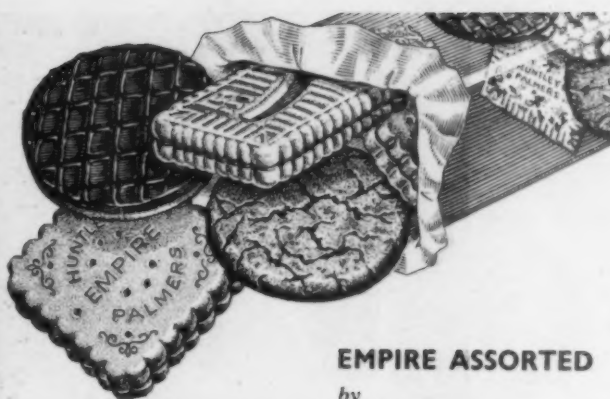
cafe royal

REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.1

A fories enterprise



In the Restaurant you may take luncheon at 10/6 and dinner or supper at 12/6. Both Restaurant and Grill Room are open until midnight, and the Grill Room is open also on Sundays. To reserve a table please telephone WHitehall 2473.



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by

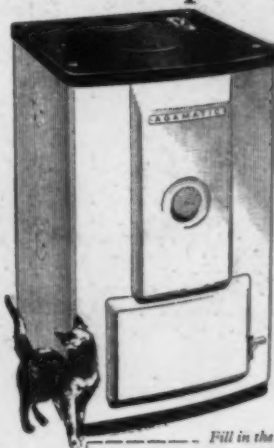
Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

1/3 per hygienic airtight packet

If you secretly enjoy grouching
about your boiler the new
AGAMATIC 30/80
would deprive you of your fun



There's no longer any excuse for spending long, weary hours petting and fussing a boiler which so often lets you down, now there's the new Agamatic 30/80 boiler.

HOT WATER—as much as you want for baths, washing, washing-up—everything! And 2-3 radiators as well.

HOT WATER—no trouble. The thermostat controls the rate of burning for you. Riddling is dustless.

HOT WATER—economically! The Agamatic is designed to get the maximum heat out of every scrap of fuel. It's happiest on economical coke.

The Agamatic 30/80 costs £42.10.0, ex works. H.P. terms available.

Fill in the coupon now and send it to:

AGA HEAT LTD

302/3, Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1

Please send me a FREE leaflet giving all details of the new Agamatic

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ADDRESS _____



Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders, Ltd.
Makers of cookers, boilers, fires and baths

The word Agamatic is a registered trade mark of Aga Heat Ltd.

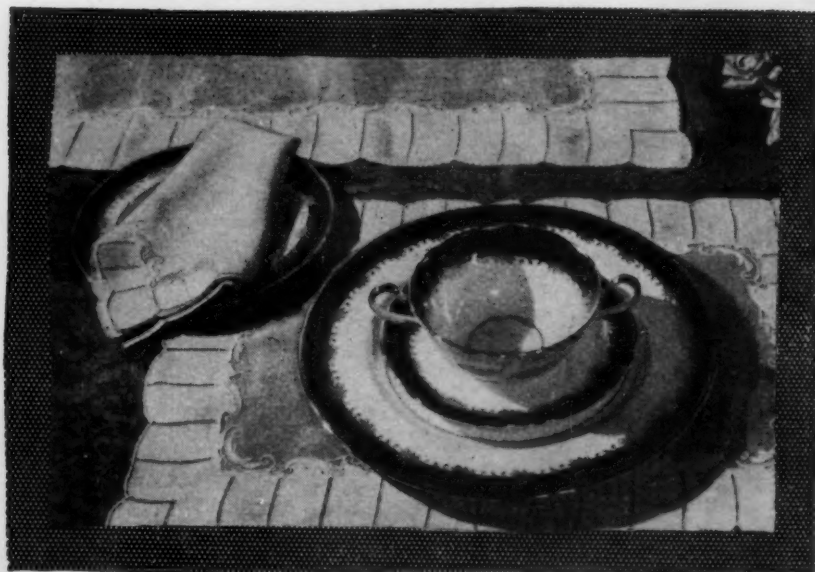




SHERRY TIME English cut crystal set, slim and light-catching, wheat-ear patterned. Tall, tapering decanter, elegantly shaped glasses set on sturdy stems (not easily damaged at the sink). Set with six glasses **8 gns**



COFFEE TIME By Royal Worcester — coffee set with a roomy pot, rounded jug, cups a little larger than usual (sensible for those who want it "white") Bone china with hand-painted "Virginia" pattern of pastel flowers and leaves. Set for six **£13.10.8** Superb linen cloth from Madeira, hand embroidered. 54" x 54" **£6.19.6** and 45" x 45" **£5.12.6**



DINNER TIME Two ways to promote a perfect setting: Aynsley's bone china service for eight, bordered with ruby red, richly rimmed and feather-circled with gold **£70** Organic table set with gossamer-textured centres, exquisite embroidery at the edges. Mats 18" x 12", napkins 17" square, one runner 34" x 14"; in white, lemon, silver, green or red. Set for eight **£23.17.6**

CHINA, GLASS AND LINENS: SECOND FLOOR

**HARVEY
NICHOLS**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO LTD
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BOURNEMOUTH



At last— milk chocolates in a silent pack

At last you can enjoy your Kunzle chocolates during the programme without the slightest fear of causing any disturbance. Kunzle have perfected the answer to the noisy crackle of chocolate wrappings. The Silent Pack really is silent, and the chocolates with their tastefully assorted centres, superb.



KUNZLE *Silent Pack* THEATRE CHOCOLATES

... like Kunzle cakes—a compliment to Good Taste
C. Kunzle Ltd., Birmingham

M-W.78

I prefer
the taste of
Peek Frean's

Vita-Weat

More and more people are enjoying Vita-Weat—the goodness of ripe whole-wheat in its crispest, crunchiest form. It has such a nutty flavour! Try Vita-Weatspread, with butter, honey or savoury paste; serve it with salads or cheese. It's delicious in every way!

Does your waistline waver?

Worried about your weight or your waistline? Vita-Weat is a wonderful way of keeping them both under control. And controlled weight means that you feel so much fitter, too!



PEEK FREAN, MAKERS OF BRITAIN'S MOST FAMOUS BISCUITS

By appointment to the late King George VI, Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., Biscuit & Vita-Weat Crispbread Manufacturers

A GRUNDIG MASTERPIECE



The
'ARUNDEL'
concert gram
£214.14s.

(including Purchase Tax)

If you are one of the few to whom only the superlative is good enough you will enthuse over this new Grundig masterpiece.

Superlative it is, in every sense—imposing in appearance, meticulous in finish, and above all quite astounding in performance. Ten valves, six high-quality speakers in 'three-dimensional' array, triplex tuning for VHF or ordinary reception and countless other features are combined in a brilliant new design to provide quality which we believe will bring you a new experience in listening.

The gramophone side, too, is superbly designed. Three-speed auto-change record playing, self-lighting record storage racks to take ninety records—in fact, every possible refinement.



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and the name of your
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GRUNDIG (Great Britain) LIMITED, DEPT. P,
Grundig House, 39/41 New Oxford Street, London W.C.1.

Please send me Booklet and details of the Arundel Concertgram

Name _____

Address _____

(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Co. Ltd.)

GD 265/349

Animal, Vegetable, Mineral...

"She was a good cook as cooks go", Saki once wrote, you remember, "and as cooks go, she went."

Once upon a time a good cook was more precious in England than much fine gold. A Dean could commit murder for a good cook in Saki's day, and get away with it—according to Saki anyway.

It's a sign of the times that good cooks are rarely found nowadays in private practice in England.

War has its victories no less than peace. We know now—thanks largely to wartime research—that the Treasures of more spacious days often ruined our digestions while they cozened our palates. They were cooks not dieticians.

We, the 'uncooked', are sophisticates now about things like vitamins—particularly vitamins. "Don't talk to me about vitamins", sighs the harassed hostess of our time. "It's bad enough keeping up the morale of a soufflé, without having to bother whether it contains vitamins. In any case, one gets one's vitamins out of capsules nowadays, not out of one's food; so much more sensible!"

Seriously though, vitamins are a serious business.

Modern life is a jungle in which one can no longer enjoy ill-health on private means. It's a matter of the survival of the fittest—repeat 'fittest'.

The enjoyment of ill-health, alas, is one of those pleasures of life that most of us can no longer afford at all. The spas have lost most of their cachet. Valetudinarianism in the welfare state is the luxury of the subsidised, not, oddly enough, of the subsidisers. 20,000 surgeries daily witness the trend.

However, there are compensations. There is the joy of being 'Bloody but unbowed'.

Bloody or not, being unbowed is first of all a matter of being well. Napoleon, you remember, laid it

down that morale is to the man as three to one. He also observed that an army marches on its stomach. It is as well to bear the apophthegms in mind. Remember the English Complaint! That national post-war 'Weary Williness'; that philosophy of "Couldn't-Care-Less". Devitaminisation was three parts of the trouble. **It's still a wolf at our door.**

Vitamins and certain minerals known as trace-elements—iron, manganese, copper, zinc and iodine, to particularise—are key factors in the absorption of food. Too many cooks spoil the broth. How true! They cook half the vitamins out of it—and the trace-elements—and pour them blissfully down the drain.

The Treasures of olden days did the same. But, of course, one ate so much more in those days; one had the time; one had the means.

One had quantity, variety and quality. Merrie England ate fresh from farm and orchard and kitchen garden, innocent of the central marketing board, the packing station, the pressure-cooker and the tin-opener. *Mens sana in corpore sano* was its practical and practicable ideal. It got its vitamins and its trace-elements from plenty of good fresh food.

Incidentally . . . As the egg without salt, the kiss without the moustache—jolly things both in their own way—so vitamins without trace-elements. The little difference makes all the difference.

If you are wise, in short, you do get your extra vitamins from capsules nowadays—and trace-elements—together.

Now, new 'Supavite'—and only 'Supavite'—offers you seven essential vitamins with five essential trace-elements—iron, manganese, copper, zinc and iodine—together.

The moral's yours.

The new 'Supavite' Vitamin Capsules with Trace-Element Minerals are available from all chemists at 5/- for 15 days' supply; 9/- for 30 days' supply and 16/3d. for 60 days' supply.

REVITAMINISE YOUR DIET FOR LESS THAN 4d. A DAY



M.V. "RUAHINE" of 17,851 tons

MONTHLY SAILINGS FROM LONDON

138 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3 (AVE 5220)
OR YOUR LOCAL AGENT

SANDEMAN SHERRY

You'll
be proud to
serve it from
the bottle . . .
it's real Sherry
from Spain



Three fine sherries from the Sandeman Bodegas at Jerez—
"AMONTILLADO" medium dry 20/- a bottle.
"APITIV" extra dry, pale fino 20/- a bottle.
"BROWN BANG" full golden Oloroso 22/- a bottle.

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4



Mr. H. T. Tipping, the Burroughs man (on the left), discusses with Mr. Ambler, Director and Secretary of Schofields, the new system, based on Burroughs equipment, including Microfilm, that they worked on together for speeding the preparation of customers' monthly statements.

How one man solved a double problem for a famous department store

To Schofields of Leeds, mailing monthly statements promptly to customers became a pressing problem in their constantly expanding business—moreover, filing space for sales dockets took up large areas of valuable shelving.

They called in Mr. Tipping, of Burroughs, who, together with Mr. Ambler, Director and Secretary of Schofields, worked out a comprehensive plan based on Burroughs equipment, including Microfilm.

Now Schofields' statements go out proven, accurate and complete on exactly the right day throughout the month in a regular cycle.

The new statement is as modern as the equipment—instead of an abbreviated extract of debits and credits, the customer now gets the complete story of each transaction, together with a summary giving all charges and credits, whilst Schofields have more accurate information on their accounting position, a considerable

saving in staff and space, and the great benefit of having satisfied customers paying their accounts regularly and early with the minimum of queries.

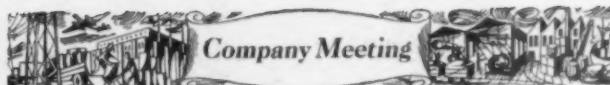
Whatever your business, if you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you. Backed by Burroughs' world-wide experience, he will make a full analysis and suggest the most economical, workable solution. If he thinks no change advisable, he will frankly say so; but if he does recommend a change, he will make a detailed plan and help you get it working smoothly and efficiently. Call in the Burroughs man—you're committed to nothing. His advice is free.

Burroughs make the world's widest range of business machines. You'll find your local Burroughs office in the telephone book.

Burroughs Adding Machine Ltd., Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FOR SPECIALIST ADVICE ON
MODERN ACCOUNTING METHODS

CALL IN THE **B**urroughs MAN



THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO.

Continued Steady Expansion

The 66th ordinary general meeting of The Avon India Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on January 24 at Melksham, Wilts., Mr. C. M. FLOYD, O.B.E. (the chairman) presiding.

The following are extracts from his circulated statement:—

The Group profit for the year, after providing for taxation of £250,578, amounted to £247,132, compared with last year's figure of £95,273

RECORD SALES

Last year it was stated sales had beaten all previous records, and

I am glad to be able to say the same again. In achieving this advance and, in the meanwhile, maintaining full production, certain repairs to plant and equipment have had to be deferred, and you will notice that provision has been made in the Accounts to cover the anticipated expenditure. With regard to the new financial year, upon which we have just entered, the prospects continue to be encouraging.

Our business overseas was maintained, and would have exceeded that of the previous year if the movement of goods had not

been restricted by the dock strike. However, the leeway is steadily being made up, and our efforts to improve our overseas trade are meeting with encouraging results. Our associated company in Nairobi, which was mentioned last year, is now firmly established and operating profitably.

OFFER TO SPENCER MOULTON SHAREHOLDERS

Your Directors have thought it prudent to obtain further capital for the purposes of the Company's business, and they indicated in their circular dated 19th October, 1955, that they had in contemplation proposals in connection with the acquisition of other businesses. The proposals have now taken definite form and we have offered to purchase the share capital of George Spencer, Moulton & Co., Ltd., long established in the neighbouring town of Bradford-on-Avon. The Directors of Spencer Moulton are strongly recommending their shareholders to accept our offer. If this is accepted this acquisition will greatly strengthen our position in General Rubber Goods production. We also stated that the capital raised would be used to finance new equipment and the improvement of existing facilities required to cover the steady expansion of our business. These improvements are proceeding, but it is expected that they will take two or three years to complete. It has therefore been thought advisable to set up a reserve of £100,000 to provide for the re-deployment of our existing equipment.

Happy relations continue with our employees everywhere, and I take the opportunity of thanking them all for their loyal support throughout the year.

The report was adopted and a total distribution of 9 per cent was approved.



a lovely car

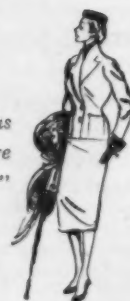
from every angle



"The simple elegance of her line is just perfect."



"Such a luxurious interior is rare these days—"



"Performance gets top marks from me."



£645.0.0 Ex Works plus
£323.17.0 Purchase Tax

Everyone's pleased with the M.G. Magnette! It combines the spirited performance of a true sporting thoroughbred with the elegance and comfort of a luxury saloon. Facia panel and interior woodwork are of solid walnut. Deep, comfortable seating is upholstered in real leather. Carpeting is sumptuous. And with all this luxury goes a liveliness of acceleration that is quite exceptional. At cruising speeds the inimitable Magnette grips the road tightly—rides smoothly, silently and safely. Ask your M.G. dealer for a demonstration.

REMEMBER

Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.



1½ LITRE MAGNETTE

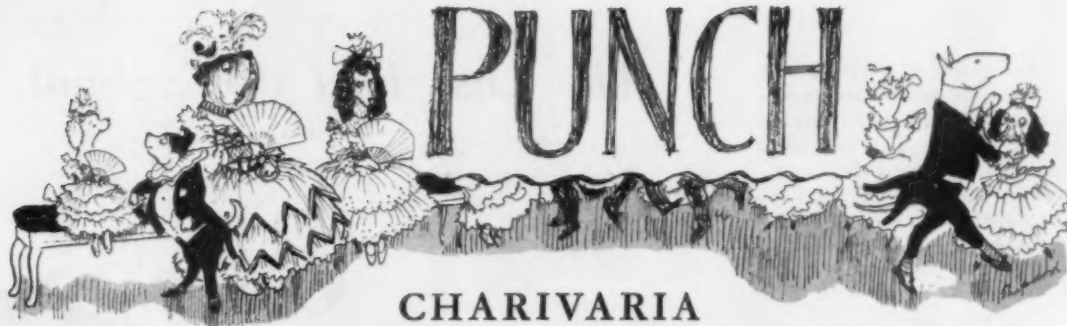
Safety Fast!



THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD

London Showrooms: Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, London, W.1

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



CHARIVARIA

EVEN the political cliché-fancier was left unsatisfied by the Premier's speech last Wednesday. Apart from "Enduring peace," and "No swift solution" there was little for the collector—not even a "War is not inevitable." The occasion's chief claim to distinction had already been pointed out by a painstaking journalist a day or two earlier, noting that Sir Anthony was the only British Prime Minister to speak at St. George's Hall, Bradford, other than at election times.

Always Some New Slant

Daily Mail readers looked forward eagerly to the promised series on Henry Ford, just in case something might at last be written about him which didn't mention what he is said to have said about History. Their hopes were dashed in the first sentence of the first instalment.

Question of Kudos

RAISED fees at Harrow bring it into line with Eton once more, except for the games fees which still fall fifty shillings



short. This may be regarded as a prestige disparity, geared to the recent change of tenant at 10 Downing Street.

Feathered Friends

NURSERYMEN whose greenhouses are regularly shattered by "sonic bangs" from friendly aircraft should be encouraged by the recent report that the Air Forces in Germany are to avoid live bombing on the Grosse Knechtsand ranges during July, August and September, as these months constitute the

maximum period of the moulting of the sheld-duck.

Land of the Free

LAST week was a glorious one for British justice. No sooner did the Home Secretary learn that three innocent men had been in gaol for two years than he had them pardoned; another man, equally innocent and held in gaol for six weeks, was later told by the Court of Criminal Appeal, "Your character is not affected"; a Glasgow man who should have been released on bail but was kept in custody because another man was mistakenly released instead



was sent home as soon as the error was discovered; and the Lord Chief Justice struck a blow for pork-butchers everywhere by declining to define a sausage.

New Approach Wanted

A SHEFFIELD teacher, suspended for refusing to collect children's savings, told reporters that he had now got a job at seven pounds a week, "about half his salary as a teacher." Statements of this kind are useless for enlisting the sympathy of a public led to believe that teachers are worse paid than lorry-drivers.

Wants to Get Ahead

FOR thoughtful readers hints have not been lacking in recent news items that Sir Winston Churchill still has a finger in the political pie—his consultation with Sir Anthony Eden, for example, and his luncheon engagement with Mr. Aristotle Onassis. The last coincided suspiciously with reports that Mr. Estes Kefauver opened his

campaign for a Democratic candidature wearing a sou'wester, having made earlier public appearances in a topee, a turban, a coonskin and a Red Indian head-dress. It is thought that perhaps the advice of Mr. Onassis was being sought on how to recapture the corner in politicians' hats.

Too Quiet

STILL one more Hollywood actress has emerged from the religious retirement which attracted headlines it seems only yesterday. Obviously these holy retreats lack something needed to make them permanently acceptable to fugitives from show business, and should be brought more into line with modern thought. A Publicity Sister would probably do wonders.

Louder Still and Louder

MUSICIANS in the B.B.C.'s revue and variety orchestras have been told to "modernize" their playing, says a report; after which there will be fresh auditions, a period of hiring and firing, and finally a reconstitution of both orchestras in augmented form. No one seems quite sure what the effect of



modernization will be, but the augmentation is clearly a matter of decibels. Band-leaders in future are not likely to be re-engaged unless their introductory chords for Light Programme comedy shows break mirrors in a specified number of homes.

Handy Man

RISE young politicians, as much as rising young film stars, have to rely heavily on the arts of advertisement and

the new Minister of Fuel and Power, Mr. Aubrey Jones, did well to attract sensational headlines last week by appointing an "Ex-Miner and son of a blacksmith" as chairman of the National Coal Board. Of course the effect was impaired slightly when it came out that the appointee, as it happened, was deputy-chairman of the Board already.

Point of No Departure

WITH the Comet long-distance speed record still damp in the files, America announces a new airliner to circle the earth in forty hours, or twenty-six hours less than the Comet's time. Many people feel that their policy of staying in one place will prove itself any day now.

Marching On

YET another Home Guard unit has elected to ignore the organization's official disbandment, and "will continue parades and training." This speaks of a fine spirit, and only cynics will point to the recent slump in Service reunion attendances and ask how long such camaraderie can last. When men are drawn together for a common purpose—beer, poker, and escape from the domestic hearth—the bond can be enduring indeed. Uniforms may get worn out and lost, even the original purpose of the parades become blurred and forgotten, but the spirit may well survive. There seems no reason why the Home Guard should not in time qualify as an Ancient Custom, recognized by the British Travel and Holidays Association. Perhaps foreign tourists a hundred years hence, fresh from the furry dance or the Olney pancake race, will pause to feast their cameras on a sight no less strange: men with ill-fitting hats, and reeds over their shoulders, moving in quasi-military formation down an ancient village street.

Nub

THERE may not be much to say for British comedians as such, but when it comes to serious and penetrating thoughts about their art they come across impressively. Only last week Mr. Frankie Howerd cut straight to the root of things with the secret of entertaining the little ones—"Children hate all that 'I love you—you're the one woman I've been waiting for' stuff," he told a round-eyed reporter.

The Last Earl of England

LORD HAILSHAM, whom the Commons knew
As Mr. Quintin Hogg,
Unlike the usual Tory brew
Gave ancient ways a jog.
He thought that peers, when they succeed,
Should be incontinently freed
From going to the Lords.
He even thought that, if you please,
We ought to let them stay M.P.s.
A notion such as this affords
A dangerous precedent, said Attlee,
And turned it all down pretty flatly.



There was some more commotion
when

With Socialistic hump
A certain Mr. Wedgwood Benn
Also refused the jump.

He swore he would go further still.
He would bring in a private bill
To keep himself a Commoner.
"Quidest" (his father shook his head)
"Hoc omne fus de nihil, sed
Non eadem sunt nomina?"

But Attlee still was non-committal—
A case, he felt, for non-acquittal.



But leaders may expound their creed
According to their wont.
There is a book who runs may read,
And several do who don't.

In *As It Happened* Attlee said
The House of Lords was almost
dead,

Deserted, dull, effete.
But, as it happened, without flap
And much like any other chap
He took his vermined, ermined
seat,

Earl Attlee, in the House of Peers
Amid the most tremendous cheers.

C. H.





Well, Fancy!

(An interview with Miss Nancy Spain)

By NANCY SPENN

IF you were the author of *The Tiger Who Went to the Moon* would you feed your guests slices of bread and butter with their gin? I wondered about this, and went along to see Miss Nancy ("Butch") Spain and find out. And—gosh!—*she did!*

I got more than bread and butter. I got long-playing records of Marlene Dietrich, twelve signed photographs of Miss Spain to advertise a woman's magazine, a lecture on how to interview ("I dig up all the gen first, and if they say it's exaggerated, I bung it into italics") and some jolly funny biscuits.

SHE TWINKLED

Well, chums, thirty-nine-year-old Miss Spain (a dark-haired, wide-hipped, square-jawed non-smoker) is probably the most famous ex-Wren descendant of Mrs. Beeton in the country, and can chat wittily on any subject under the sun, provided it is one of the following:

Miss Marlene Dietrich
Mr. Gilbert Harding
Millionaires
Lady Docker
Miss Nancy Spain
Mr. Noël Coward.

"Do people pay you to keep tossing their names about?" I asked. "Have another piece of bread and butter," she replied wittily.

Crikey, I wish you could see her cosy little home! The study ("I usually call it the pitch," twinkled Miss Spain) is filled with books by Lord Beaverbrook, photographs of Miss Dietrich and Miss Spain, and fan letters. With each reply to a fan letter she encloses an advertisement for her latest book. This practical turn of mind is reflected in the record-player which stands next to her typewriter, so that she can hear "Falling In Love Again" as she writes.

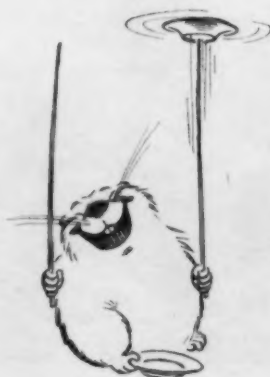
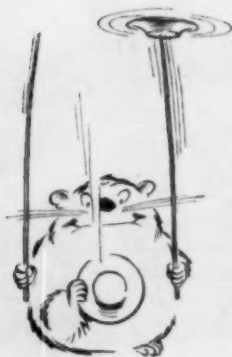
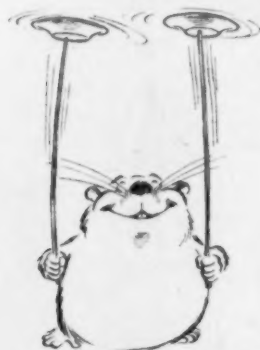
Here too you come across group photos of Roedean first elevens, proving that in her youth Miss Spain, bless her, had legs and no trousers. On the cluttered desk lies a letter awaiting a frame. "Dearest Nancy," it says, "All my thanks again for your kindness—Marlene." Wherever you turn you are face to face with the Spain Realities (see list above). But in the air, faintly, hoarse cries from long-forgotten hockey games are apt to whirl about your head; and when Miss Spain picks up a pencil you get the feeling that she might bully off at any moment.

On one wall, yellowing, hang Lord Beaverbrook's newspaper articles about how to be very, very rich.

BRIGHT AND EARLY

No slacker, Miss Spain. She's up, bright and breezy, at five-thirty every morning (Brhh!). She writes away merrily until breakfast-time (Golly!). All afternoon she whirls about madly—seeing people, and cross-examining them about their past, and making notes of what they ought to have said, and being rung up by Lady Docker who's got condensation in her swimming-pool, and polishing her collection of vintage Marlene Dietrich records. (She has no other records, except one of herself *talking* about Miss Dietrich, which is a change.)

The living-room is a *darling* place—I'm sure you'd *eat* it! Way after New Year it was *knee-deep* in Christmas cards—some from commoners. In one corner a small crate of liquor from Lady



Docker. In another corner, upside-down, a photo of Miss Spain about a yard square. (The photo, not Miss Spain!)

Here over neat gin ("Can't get any water—the kitchen's full of people") and luke-warm tea in little round cups, each with its own separate handle, this vivacious chum gassed on about life—her sister who's a Lady, Mrs. Beeton, Mr. Gilbert Harding, Mr. Noël Coward, Lady Docker, Miss Marlene Dietrich, Miss Hermione Gingold—the eager, schoolgirl chatter ranged over an astonishing variety of subjects, as you can see. A few samples of her ready wit and homespun impish charm:

"Did I show you the cards I once got from the Duke of Windsor?"

"If you don't like that biscuit, chuck it in the fire."

"I'm going to dedicate my autobiography to Noël Coward."

"Do you know Diana Dors?"

A PERFECT COMMENT

Even as a child she was always ready with a corking good *mot*. When she was at school she won a prize for reading. It was presented to her by Princess Alice of Athlone, who said "I can read too." To which Miss Spain replied "Well, fancy!"

It was a perfect comment, whichever way you look at it. Don't you agree, chums? And, in one way or another, about this, that and the other, she's been making it ever since.

Crumbs, but I tried jolly hard to find the secret of this ruddy-faced, woolly-jumped tomboy, who looks as though she has just come in from hunting the fox bare-handed, without a horse, and enjoyed every thumping minute of it. But it eluded me. Which, I asked myself,

is the real Miss Spain? The cultured voice on the radio, using the curious lingo of Bessie Bunter's cronies? The dewy-eyed worshipper who lingers in the remembered tinsel glamour of the Blue Angel night-club? The eternal hearty at Lady Docker's party? The public wooer of Mr. Gilbert Harding? Which? I asked myself...

Perhaps we'll never know. Or—(Crikey!)—perhaps one day they'll all come tumbling down—Lady D., Noël C., Hermione G., Marlene D., old Uncle Gilbert H. and all, and turn into a pack of cards; and there in the midst of the wreckage will stand a sturdy little girl dressed as a goalie, whimpering a bit because she's lonely and the half-time whistle has blown...

I said good-bye and picked my way out through a litter of press-cuttings, proofs, records, trophies, telegrams, and copies of *Present Indicative*, and Miss Spain's farewell to a new chum boomed out over South Kensington. Then she slammed the door of my taxi so hard that the handle nearly fell into the road.

My most lasting impression? A remark of Miss Spain's: "Did you know that *Destry Rides Again* is on this week at a cinema near Victoria?"

ALEX ATKINSON



John Dulles

JOHN DULLES was a citizen
Of famous Washington.
A Secret'ry of State and eke
A goodly man was John.

* * * * *
Quoth John, There is a threat of war:
A man must play his part;
I'll ride unto the brink—it is
A necessary art.

Away went Dulles—who but he?—
And all the neighbours cried
He rides a race! He stops a war!
The bombs are at his side.

His horse stood still upon the brink
And so did Dulles. Then
He did what any man would do
And galloped back again.

But when his friends upbraided him
They prospered not, because
He somehow managed to suggest
That was not how it was.

* * * * *
So let us say John saved the day
Upon occasions three
And when he next doth ride abroad
May *Life* be there to see.

PETER DICKINSON



Eat, Drink, and Be Coronary

By RICHARD GORDON

THE end of this month usually sees the end of those new year resolutions to lose that extra stone. The dieter secretly gorges himself with hot buttered toast in a tea-shop, from which it is but a step to steak-and-kidney pudding, fried fish-and-chips, three lumps please, and abandonment of the scales—leapt upon so hopefully a week ago—to rust in the bathroom like his conscience.

Many more men this year have thrown themselves on the rack of dieting, because the scientists of Fleet Street no longer let them regard their hearts only as the seat of their tenderest emotions. In days when American admirals are ordered to spend more time on golf courses it is clearly impossible for anyone to be simultaneously healthy, wealthy, and wise; men everywhere who are entitled to the comforts of middle age are starving themselves to prevent their coronary arteries looking like the picture in *Life*.

The man who is worried about eating

his heart out finds dieting more difficult than his eldest daughter, who is worried only about looking presentable in jeans. He has no trouble buying a book about it, of which there are plenty of all four types—the confident (*Eat What You Like and Get Slim!*), the clinical (*Calorie Tables for the Pocket*), the cannibalistic (*Live On Your Fat*), and the cosy (*I Slimmed the Archbishop of Canterbury*). As all diets are basically the same, he enters by one door or another the brotherhood of proteins, carbohydrates, fats and calories, and loses half a stone with no ill-effects beyond ruining his wife's health with bad temper. (Alcohol is naturally forbidden, and he long ago abandoned smoking to avoid fatal disease of the lungs.)

The arrival of the annual demand for his life insurance premium is sufficient to press his nose further to the dietetic grindstone, and though his wife leaves him, no one talks to him in his office, and he suffers dizzy spells, lassitude,

swelling of the feet, and the other symptoms of under-nourishment, he goes through life with the smug feeling that his coronary arteries are not as other men's. Then one morning comes the shock. Under the heading "Jack Spratts Live Twice As Long, Says Specialist," his paper tells him that dieting is all very well in itself but to avoid a coronary thrombosis he must exclude all fats. He thenceforward refuses butter, cheese, fish, milk, and roasts, and lives largely on stewed vegetables, strong tea, and raw fruit (no grapes, bananas, or nuts).

The days pass like a perpetual Lent.

At night he dreams feverishly of game pie with mashed potatoes, followed by roly-poly pudding covered with cream. By day, he has reveries of menus digested long ago and hears voices calling "The lobster thermidor is particularly good to-night, sir." Seeing the dog's bowl makes him salivate wildly, and passing one of the shops where they fry sausages in the window is almost too much for his self-control. But he is happy in his healthier-than-thou attitude, until one Friday morning—the day after the medical journals arrive in Fleet Street—a front-page article announces that fat itself is not really the menace, but cholesterol.

He has never heard of cholesterol, which sounds to him like some kind of motor oil. This is the unhappy difference between himself and the more progressive American hypochondriac. Instead of shuffling round hopefully eating nothing, the American sweeps through the door of his doctor's office, bares his arm, and demands "Say, doc, take my blood cholesterol, will you? And if it's over 220 milligrammes—boy! am I for the high jump!"

The British dieter has to read down the column to discover that, whatever cholesterol is, eggs are full of it. Despair at last overcomes him. The boiled egg is his last connection with the world of sane gastronomy, and now his breakfast looks as dangerous as a hand-grenade. He breaks down and weeps, and is shortly afterwards taken by ambulance to a psychiatric hospital as a case of *anorexia nervosa*.

It is unsporting of Fleet Street never to mention the two most important facts about heart disease—that coronary thrombosis is uncommon in Italy, and alcohol has an excellent pharmacological effect on the coronary arteries. So if you remain permanently bottled in a villa in Sorrento, you won't have anything to worry about. As long as you don't read the papers.

"SKI NEWS . . . for the first time, ski trousers which are tops by International standards can be bought in London."

Fashion item in the *Sunday Express*
Only wear jodhpurs ourselves.





The Notebook of R. A. B. on Holiday

Our Betters

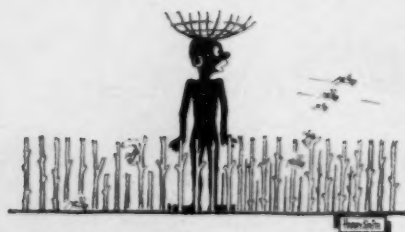
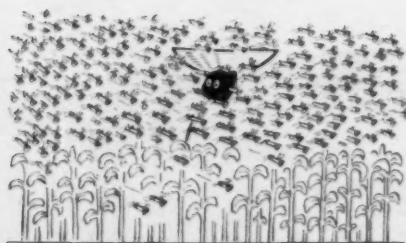
VILLA MAURESQUE

VAR

I HAVE decided to keep a Notebook, at least while on holiday. Willie keeps a Notebook. I have been reading that, and a lot of other books of his. Where was it I read recently that Louis XVI, on the day the Bastille fell, entered in his diary the one word "Rien"? Ought I to ask myself questions in a Notebook? Ought I (now that I remember where I found the Louis XVI story) to admit in my Notebook that I read the *New Statesman*?

* * * * *

I lie among cushions on the divan-swing affair by the side of Willie's swimming pool. Anthony at Chequers told me that I needed a good rest. There is something very relaxing about staying in another man's villa in the



South of France, when he's in Egypt. I swim in his pool, summon his servants, eat his *paw-paws*, drink his *Kava*, from his calabashes, and even wear his *lava-lavas*. (His houseboy put these at my disposal. My own bathing dress, with striped top, and button on the left shoulder, looked all right at Bournemouth during the Conference, but is somewhat wrong here.)

* * * * *

Day after day an enormous *courrier* arrives for Willie, and is accumulating on the hall table. I cannot help seeing that almost all of the stamps are English. I cannot but suspect that these are largely expostulations sent to him by young students of the English, Welsh and Scottish universities, in reply to his strange outburst in the *Sunday Times*. I can picture Willie coming back and reading them, though doubtless not without complacency. I like to think that he is even now trying to get his host in Egypt, the Aga Khan, to join with him to provide some scholarships to encourage rich students to go to Oxford and Cambridge, and live the lives of gentlemen commoners. I am trying to imagine myself back at the Treasury, and Willie coming to me to suggest allowing against Income Tax all University battels of over £600 a year, with special grants for breakage-fines, maintenance orders from tobaccoists' daughters, and poker debts. Perhaps, if Willie approaches Harold, Harold will sound Balliol about it first . . . his own college. Perhaps Balliol will give him a dusky answer. Is this a good joke for an old Cambridge don? Ought I to make jokes and ask myself questions, in a Notebook?

* * * * *

I wallow in Willie's books, without any fear that he may come and say "How do you like that one?" I notice a curious drugging effect of his style. When I was a don at Cambridge I would have called this style lapidary. He writes clearly, with an absence of metaphor. He was teasing me in London about my use, in speeches, of ships in storms, port and over-ripe pheasant, hands on reins, rose pruning and the growing pains of prosperity.

He has in him a strain of flippancy (on account of which, indeed, the critics have often reprimanded him). I find his humour resistible. These expatriates get out of touch with home. Drove to Roquebrune and lunched with Winston and Clemmie. He tells me he will be here for three months or more. Scribble, scribble, scribble.

Winston full of advice on the job of being Leader of the House, and on being kissed by French dignitaries: full of sympathy with me for being called old and tired by Opposition youngsters: and full of admiration (albeit academic only) for H.G.'s phrase about me as Chancellor . . . "a backwoodsman with a mustard-plaster mentality living in a penicillin age." That hurt, I remember, when H.G. spoke it. But in the warmth of the Riviera one comes quickly to forget such hurts. It was naughty of Winston to be chuckling about that peroration still. I wonder really whether he takes his old age seriously enough.

* * * * *

Willie, on his seventieth birthday in 1944, wrote in that Notebook of his "At 70 one is no longer on the threshold of old age. One is just an old man." That was twelve years ago. I am fifty-three, five years younger than Anthony, eight years younger than Harold. I wonder if such figures mean anything. The *Observer* says that there is a strong *Eden Must Go* movement. After Anthony, who?

Think I will borrow one of Willie's *pareos* for lunch.

The involved double and treble negative in the works of Willie Maugham. Is that a subject for an Eng. Litt. thesis in the Cambridge manner one day? "Walker little knew that there was nothing Mackintosh could stand less than chaff" and, more simply, "There is nothing the Kanaka can endure less than ridicule." Both these from Willie's story *Mackintosh*. It's not impossible to push this negative-cancelling-out business much further.

* * * * *

An odd encounter to-day. The houseboy said an Englishman wanted to see me and would not disclose his

business. I was wearing a *pareo* and dark glasses. The man, a good-looking youngster, introduced himself and said he had been told in the town that there was an English notable up at the villa called Mr. Mogum. He continued rapidly before I could interrupt, to say he had got cleaned out by a trader at poker the night before. Could he touch me for a hundred nicker or so, old boy? He would pay it back in sterling in London any time I called at some place with the name of Louie's Club in Soho. Of course his £100 allowance had gone. He owed money and couldn't get home. I thought it kinder not to say I was an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. I merely said I was not Mr. Maugham, and I thought the young man ought to go and see our Consul.

* * * * *

Dined with the Governor, and got into a curious card game with his children after dinner. Persian Monarchs they called it. It seems we were playing for money. I had not realized this. I was down considerably more than the £100 I brought with me, and which has to last me not only to the end of my visit but also for the rest of the year, if I have to come abroad again. Should I telephone long-distance to Harold at the Treasury? I left my I.O.U. with the Governor's children, but am seriously disturbed to know what to do next.

Spent a sleepless, or nearly sleepless, night. I dreamed I had set fire by mistake to one of Willie's best paintings, the one in the study, by Tietjens the Younger in his Lavandou period. How was I going to square *that* account? Pay Willie in sterling? Is that legal? Hoped he was insured and no franc-sterling transaction necessary. I woke to face a hopeless dawn. Could I borrow from the missionaries? I decided to ask the houseboy. I pressed the bell. It was the Chink cook who appeared.

"Where houseboy? He no come?" I asked.

"No wantchee," said the Chink.

"He ain't sick?"

"No savvy."

He shambled out, and it started to rain. I could hear the schooner chugging through the luxurious undergrowth, carrying copra to Pago-Pago, not without a super-cargo of corrugated iron roofing. I was overcome by an immeasurable languor. The



moon was painting the pool in unimaginable pastel shades. I thought I saw a body slip quietly into the water and swim to the shallow end. I woke from the dream, and the dream within the dream. Was it the *bouillabaisse*?

* * * * *

"There's just one thing I think you ought to know before you take on this job. And don't forget it. If you do well you'll get no thanks and if you get into trouble you'll get no help. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I'll wish you good afternoon."

Ashenden

Reminds me of when I took my first office under Winston.

RICHARD USBORNE

2 2

"In London, queues for the underground trains—still running, but up to half an hour behind schedule—extended hundreds of years."—*New York Herald Tribune*
They will keep altering the fares.

Bachelors of Leadership

By H. F. ELLIS

THE days when young people could not go to the University because they couldn't afford it have long been over. There still remained, however, a highly artificial academic barrier. Mettlesome lads, well qualified to mooch about in quads during the day and drink delight of cocoa with their peers far into the night, were thrust back from the gates of paradise simply because they could not spell well enough to get a county grant. This sort of exclusiveness (as Brasenose College, Oxford, realized long before county grants were even thought of) merely swamps the universities with a lot of tedious swots and seriously weakens college Fifteens. Dim-eyed scholars, dedicated to learning, pore over musty text-books by candlelight; and the end of it, I dare say, is a series of Town v. Gown riots and other enchantments of the Middle Ages.

Aware of these dangers, the West Riding County Council decided, back in 1952, to "abandon the old practice of making county university awards to all students whose names appeared above a line drawn across the examination list at a point where the Joint Board advised that it should be drawn." Away with all such reactionary discrimination against likeable dunderheads. For the

future they would "not merely look for academic competence (ugh!) but for other talents of a high order, particularly those which entitled their possessor to become a leader among his fellows." These "qualities of leadership" were to be determined mainly on headmasters' reports "showing the part played by the candidate in the life of his school."

That let the Captain of the Eleven in, and put paid to the hopes of one or two Sixth Form stinkers I could name.

The years have rolled by, and the first fruits of the new policy have now been gathered and made public. The results are satisfactory, for a high proportion of these leadership boys have gained honours degrees. But some have failed; and what worries me, as it must worry anyone whose civic and social conscience is not utterly atrophied, is the suspicion that these unfortunates were denied degrees simply because they were short of academic competence. Are not the Universities, one feels impelled to ask, lagging behind the County Councils in a sense of fair play, in a due and proper recognition of what have been well called "other talents of a high order"? It makes a mockery of the whole system of higher education, if the universities still adhere to the old practice of arbitrarily awarding degrees to all students whose names appear above a line drawn across the examination list at a point where some pettifogging Board of Examiners advises that it should be drawn.

Oddly enough, the Army, with its War Office Selection Boards, has pointed the way ahead. The only way to throw open the coveted honours degree to young leaders with a wholesome streak of stupidity is to remodel the Final Examination Schools on the lines of the courses devised by the War Office to test initiative and resource. Some opportunity must still be given, no doubt, to show intellectual ability: to put, in short, pen to paper. We must learn to walk before we can run. Something in the nature of a Combined Assault Course and Ancient History Paper is the ideal at which we should aim.

The present arrangement of the Schools—a heated hall, a desk for every

candidate, paper laid out ready, pens and ink to hand, etc.—tips the scales unfairly in favour of the intellectuals, who have nothing to do but sit down and start scribbling. What is wanted is a windswept barn, bare of apparatus apart from a quantity of unsawn timber, a ladder just too short to reach the loft where the paper is hidden, and perhaps a water-jump with nibs on the far side. Get the men in there, and let some red-blooded member of the Hebdomadal Council, or its equivalent, start them off with a crisp "All right. Get cracking!" This would soon separate the goats from the sheep. Those with qualities of leadership would be off like a flash to liberate saws, nails and hammers from neighbouring ironmongers—pausing only long enough to order one or two other good types to scale the outside walls of the barn and break into the loft through the roof—and in a very short time would have knocked themselves up a rough table and benches, solved the remaining commonsense problems set them by the examiners and be all set to make some sort of shot at the written part of the examination. Thus, undeterred by the thunderflashes set off at intervals by the Vice-Chancellor, they would get off to a flying start on the Ancient History, while the spotty intellectuals, with their heads crammed full of useless dates, were still trying to swarm up the greasy pole to get at the out-of-date bundle of examination papers tied at the top as a decoy.

Such reforms will not come easily, especially at the older universities. But the day will come when our grandsons, if not our sons, will be able to sign their letters to the *Daily Mirror*:

Yours, etc.,

HONOURS GRADUATE IN PHYSICAL
FITNESS AND INITIATIVE (*Ægrotat*)

5 5

"I BURNED
MY FINGERS
WILLIAM SIMPSON
'Remarkable achievement.'

—Spectator
Daily Telegraph

Child's play.



Anatomy of Reputation

Something to Administer

By HENRY FAIRLIE

GENERAL Sir Bruce Osborne Hugheson, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., has not always been a civilian.

There was, indeed, one remarkable incident in his military career which foreshadowed the talents which were later to take him into civilian life.

He had been gazetted to the Royal Engineers just in time to take part in the final advance in 1918 (D.S.O., M.C., and mentioned in dispatches) and four years later he had taken part in the Waziristan Expedition (mentioned in dispatches).

But it was the outbreak of the General Strike in May, 1926, which gave him his first real opportunity to display initiative while on active service.

As Major Hugheson, he was put in charge of milk supplies to the Baron's Court area. So successful was he that within three days he was given the West Kensington area as well, and if the strike had lasted another week he might well have added the whole of Earl's Court to his command.

Three months later the *West Kensington Gazette* presented him with a milk bottle as a token of its readers' gratitude.

"Tufty" Hugheson, as he was known to his fellow-officers, remained in the Army for another eight years, and then went on to retired pay.

It was announced a few months later that he had been appointed Managing Director of the Central African Consolidated Tin Co., Ltd., and at the annual meeting in December, the Chairman expressed the delight of the Board that it had secured the services of a "born administrator."

This was 1934. To-day "born administrators" are two a penny, but Lieut.-Colonel Hugheson was one of the first of the species to be discovered.

He was happy in Rhodesia. As the years passed, the production of tin remained at exactly the same level as when he had gone there, and the profits of the Company went neither up nor

down. But he could claim that the whole concern was running much more smoothly.

By 1939 his praises were being generally sung in the City. What did production or even profits matter? His administration was superb.

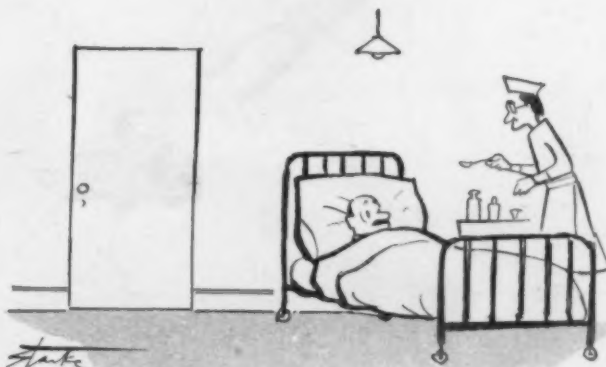
When he returned to London for a few months in the summer of 1939 Lieut.-Colonel Hugheson (for he still used his military rank) addressed the Institute of Managing Directors. "A properly administered organization," he said, "has a life and purpose of its own."

At dinner at All Souls, where he was the guest of Captain Corl Falls, he

carried the idea even further and talked for an hour of the "ethos of administration."

"Tufty" Hugheson gave one more address before he left London. At the invitation of his old commanding officer he gave a lecture on administration to the Imperial Defence College.

"An army," he said, "may march on its stomach, but its stomach is filled by administrative officers far behind the lines." Several senior officers heard and remembered the phrase, and they warmly welcomed him when he returned in 1941 and was appointed



chief administrative officer to the G.O.C., Southern Command.

He had arrived just at the time when materials and men were beginning to become more plentiful, and when the whole machinery of war was beginning to settle down.

It was not surprising, therefore, that some of his fellow-officers tended to attribute the better organization and more abundant supplies to him. From then until the end of the war "Tufty" Hugheson was moved, as Administrative Officer, to Command after Command.

He arrived at each at the very moment when it was being built up and the whole war effort was being thrown into it.

Wherever he went supplies became more available, men were more easily disposed and (eventually) battles were won. Gradually he began to reap the reward of decisions which had not been his, and Peterborough in the *Daily Telegraph* discovered in him a "born administrator."

That finally made him, for it was the stage of the war when fighting officers, whether they wore berets or not, were regarded as showmen. Administrators were winning the war.

* * * * *

The danger of unemployment among senior officers after the war was averted by the setting up of the Control Commission for Germany and the proliferation of organizations under the

United Nations. "Tufty" Hugheson was appointed Chief of U.N.R.R.A. Operations in S.E. Europe, and was promoted Lieutenant-General.

A year later, when the C.C.G. had become notorious and had taken the place of Soho in the popular Sunday newspapers, Lieut.-General Hugheson was dispatched to Berlin.

He was not in the position of highest authority during the blockade of Berlin and the subsequent air-lift, and was angry at the line which the politicians enforced on those on the spot. "With good administration," he wrote to a friend, "we could have evacuated Berlin within a week."

This did not prevent him, a year later, from taking the credit for "the brilliant administration" which had made the evacuation of Berlin unnecessary.

Three years later General Sir Bruce Hugheson was appointed Governor of one of the more troublesome colonies, but the experience was to be short-lived.

He suddenly found himself forced to sanction military operations and, even worse, as Commander-in-Chief as well as Governor, he had to take charge of them. The soldiers under him had to fight, and he had to tell them where and how to fight.

This was not why he had asked to be restored to the active list. When he was informed that he was to be replaced as Governor he heard the news with relief.

The news of his replacement was accompanied by two simultaneous announcements that he had retired from the Army and had been appointed Chairman of the National Aircraft Corporation. The fighting career of General Sir Bruce Osborne Hugheson, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., was over at last.

* * * * *

Last week, with bowler hat and briefcase, Sir Bruce Hugheson travelled to his first public engagement as a civilian. It was at the Administrative Staff Headquarters.

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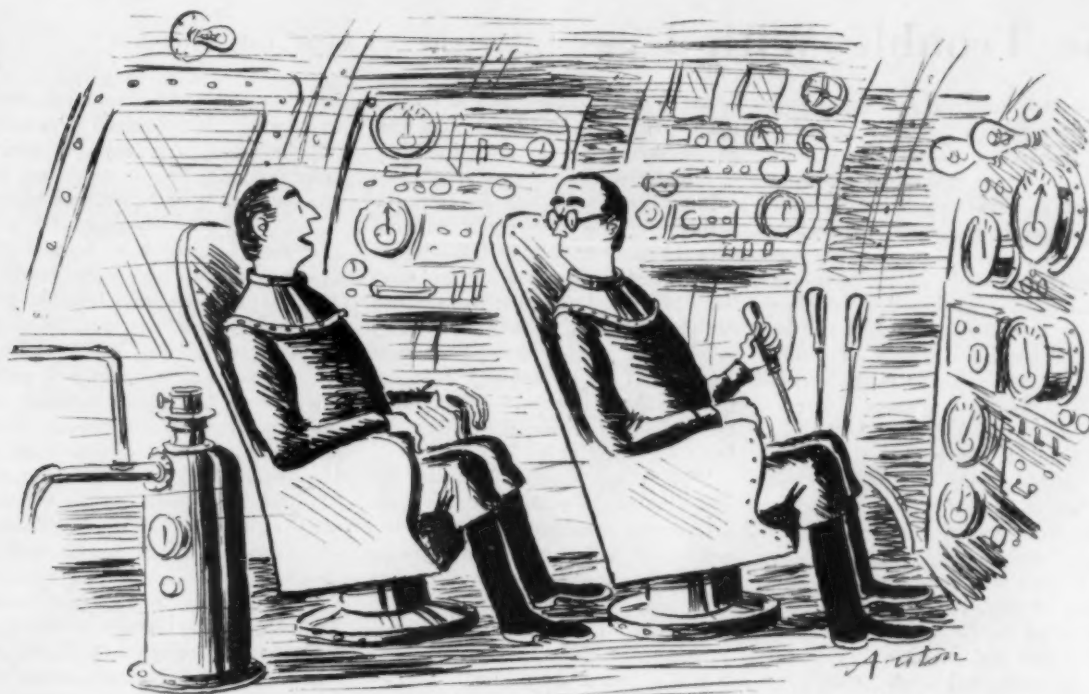
Any of you Sub-Editors play Scrabble?

"G.P.O. SAYS B.B.C. AND M.C.C. MUST GIVE O.K. TO I.T.A."

South Wales Echo



"Last year they sent a helicopter."



"Personally, I think we're on a wild goose chase."

A Well-earned Tribute

The announcement that the new Turkish Cabinet has been joined by Mumtaz Tarhan, Samet Agaoglu and Dato Sir Onn bin Jafar, left unsaid much that the public should know regarding the last-named. Now it can be told.

THE sons of the Prophet are pretty hot stuff,
Sang the bard who once hymned the career
(A glorious one) of Stamboul's favourite son,
Great Abdul the bulbul ameer.
There are people who say that it's different to-day,
But just tell them they're wrong, for they are.
Though Abdul has died, we can still point with pride
At Dato Sir Onn bin Jafar.

When a Cabinet's formed in the land of the Turk
And they're seeking a really good man,
The Premier says "Dammit, I've only got Samet
Agaoglu and Mumtaz Tarhan,
Both triers, but still rather run-of-the-mill.
I need someone versatile . . . Ha!"
And the next thing he does he is giving a buzz
To Dato Sir Onn bin Jafar.

They tell me that Dato reads Homer and Plato
And paints rather better than John,
While composing cantatas and fugues and sonatas
Is simply duck soup to Sir Onn.

If you put him on skates he can cut figure eights,
At golf and at darts he is par,
And more skilful at tennis than most other men is
This Dato Sir Onn bin Jafar.

He can sing songs that few know from Verdi and Gounod
And whistle a waltz by Lehar.
He looks like Clark Gable and no-one's more able
At judging a wine or cigar.
He can write you a ballad or mix you a salad
Or brew you a nice cup of char.
All this, aye and far more. No chink in the armour
Of Dato Sir Onn bin Jafar.

So things look pretty smooth on the Bosphorus now,
And no wonder the populace cheer.
It's the general view that the skies have turned blue.
Happy days, so they phrase it, are here.
For the future of Turkey can never be murky,
Her fortunes disaster can't mar,
While the fate of the land's in the capable hands
Of Dato Sir Onn bin Jafar.

P. G. WODEHOUSE

The Trouble With I-2s

By CLAUD COCKBURN

EIGHT hundred and eighty-five maladjusted United States Marines, I read recently, are in a desert, being readjusted by four hundred and four psychologists, with wire fences round them. Near San Diego, California, is where this was happening. Nobody at all is against Marines getting readjusted, although—injecting a personal note which can be explained later, and will be—I would hardly, myself, speaking as the veriest tyro, have thought anywhere near San Diego was the best place to do the job.

"A saddle-tanned bald head" is, says this magazine, what the boss psychologist has, and in addition he has what he calls a "social integration scale I-1 to I-7." It seems to mean quite a lot to him.

It appears that, according to Saddle-Tan, an I-4 "feels inadequate and doesn't know what to do with that part of himself that fails to come up to his ideal of a strong and capable man."

Then the bald-head—he is also, it says in the paper, burly, with an "infectious grin"—makes an oddish remark. He says that "An I-4 in civilian life doesn't have too much trouble. He gets sore at the boss,

swears at him and quits, and all is right again. But you can't," he remarks with an infectious grin, "do that in the Navy or the Marines."

Burly bald-head is here the victim of wishful thinking. History is cluttered with the many troubles of I-4s who got sore at the boss, swore at him and quit. Take Seneca. Look what happened to Sir Thomas More. Would you honestly say Voltaire was absolutely "all right again" after that trouble with Frederick the G? Not to mention the swear-word the late Beria permitted to escape his lips.

With an over-optimistic attitude like this the bald-headed grinner not surprisingly seems to have been pretty much non-plussed when he came up against the quite ordinary case of a man described in the report as Private L.

"Private L of the Marine Corps was in Camp Elliott for having struck two N.C.O.s, one of them simply because he did not feel like putting a rifle together as ordered. His admission: 'I can't live with a lot of people. They disgust me and I feel like taking off.' Private L's only goal seemed to be solitude: he had no dates and even

drank 'to sit by myself and just drink, and think.' An I-2 tagged as 'emotionally immature, aggressive,' Private L fully expected that he would get into trouble again when he returned to duty. Grant [the bald fellow] agreed."

Private L must have been awfully bucked to have a burly top-flight psychologist agree with him like that; made the whole readjustment course seem so tremendously worth while. A lot of other people might well imitate the Grant technique, realizing that nothing cheers a person up like having an expert agree with him, as when you say to the pilot of the plane over mid-Atlantic that it sounds to you as though all the engines are going to fail simultaneously in a minute and he—with an infectious grin—says how right you are, it sounds exactly the same way to him.

Another thing that shows what a real expert psychologist the bald man is the way he grasps almost immediately that a man who can't live with a lot of people and whose only goal is solitude is going to find some obstacles to his pursuit of happiness if he joins the Armed Forces. If there were more such psychologists about, a lot of unpleasantness and misunderstanding would be avoided. That angry little back-bencher (call him M.P. "M") who towards the close of the last session struck two Junior Whips, one of them simply because he did not feel like going into the division lobby as ordered—psychologist Grant would have spotted in no time that he was simply an I-2 who, as M admitted later, couldn't stand the sound of other people's voices. "Man makes a speech," M said, "and it disgusts me so I have to lash out at the next person that speaks to me." M.P. "M" fully expected that he would get into trouble again when the House reassembled. The psychologist agreed.

There are a lot more I-2s about than you'd think, and you would think less harshly of the batsman who took a swipe at the umpire and later broke up the pavilion if you were to realize that what he was allergic to, what made him feel like taking off, was any kind of ball game; he would have got into just as much trouble at golf. Reflect, too, that this Inspector of Taxes may be an I-3, of whom bald-headed Grant says "He



"You give your age here, Comrade, as forty-five and six five-year plans . . ."

is relatively immature. And he's imperturbable. He doesn't care what others think of him. Before long," Grant adds rather optimistically, "the others lock him up. But," Grant warns, in case anyone thought of trying to lock up the Inspector of Taxes, "he doesn't care even then."

What I say is the sooner we have a Camp Elliott over here where all these people can be sorted out and readjusted the better it will be for the export drive and the future of the novel, etc., etc. And the reason I say that it will flourish better over here than in the neighbourhood of San Diego, California, is that in my experience the mental atmosphere of San Diego is not one which conduces to normality, realistic adjustment to the facts and all that.

As for instance, when I was there with a friend, people told us there wasn't anything much you could possibly say which more than a few people in the area would disbelieve, and it's a fact they had flying saucers there before almost anyone.

So to test it this friend of mine, who enjoyed studying people's mentalities, put an advertisement in one of the local newspapers and it had a design of a rising sun at the top and underneath it said that the Elders in Wisdom hereby announced that they had just evolved a Balance Sheet of Happiness, and that anybody who wanted to be Happy from now on could do so by simply sending in one dollar and he would get the Balance Sheet and by living in accordance with it would become permanently happy.

He only wanted to prove that San Diegans are not so credulous as other people—probably just jealous of their climate—said they were; he said if more than two people answered his advertisement he'd be surprised. What really happened was that he was surprised in quite a different way because over nine hundred people sent in their dollars by return of post, which put my friend—whose name was Baker, and later he got a big job in the Administration at Washington—in rather a horrible position because someone told him that if he didn't send these people the product he had advertised there was a law under which he could be gaoled.

So he had to sit up all one night concocting this crazy Balance Sheet—it was got up like a ledger with Happiness



"Dammit, now I see they've applied to race their yachts at Cowes!"

Credits and Happiness Debits, and it indicated such things as that if you made a bundle of money and fell madly in love with some suitable person and married this person you were likely to be happier than if you lost all your money on horses and took to drink.

It cost him a lot to have this printed and sent off to the paying customers, and to stop the new ones who kept writing and sending dollars he had to take a series of advertisements in the newspaper, announcing that the Elders in Wisdom had felt a call to retire to the Arizona desert for a prolonged

period of rest and meditation and could not issue any more Balance Sheets.

He headed back to New York mopping his forehead and shaking with relief, but even seven or eight years later the newspaper was still forwarding letters from satisfied San Diegans who said that they were still guiding their every action in accordance with the wonderful Balance Sheet and it had altered their whole lives.

The thought of it made him feel nervous and moody, and once he asked me quite seriously whether I believed in the Indian rope trick.

Oh, Forget It!

By R. G. G. PRICE

Lord d'Aubergine to Sir Harry Bunn & Partners, Architects

... I am reconciled now to letting the East Wing go, but I should rather like the remodelled Hall to carry on one tradition at least, so would you incorporate an exact copy of Lord Percy's Fancy? I want the children to grow up with it, and if we ever have to open the place to visitors we shall be glad of a suite of secret rooms, with sliding panels, moving closets, practical jokes and all the rest of it. One never knows; in the future we may be glad of somewhere to hide. Do you think we could use some of the original material?

Sir Harry Bunn to Lord d'Aubergine

... As for Lord Percy's Fancy, I shall have to make inquiries about how your local Council is likely to view plans containing secret apartments. The built-in practical jokes involving water would also, I suppose, have to be approved by the Water Board. I do not feel altogether happy about the success

of our application and any reason of a public or philanthropic character you could give in support of it would help. No doubt you would wish the actual design of the secret apartments to reflect contemporary taste and I am instructing one of my more promising pupils to work out some preliminary suggestions.

I must of course accept your reply to my request for the employment of a rather more experienced firm. I should have realized that in your position you were under a certain obligation to use local labour. I also note your remarks about the relation between choice of builder and the attitude of the Surveyor and the Council.

Alfred Wagg & Son to Sir Harry Bunn & Partners

Now, sirs, with reference to these secret rooms and similar. I know where there is a lift and this could be done to her Ladyship's taste, say cream and powder-blue, and used for a moving

closet. There is no need it seems to me to use the hoist and gear from the East Wing which is very complicated and would require re-roping throughout and works by hydraulic power which raises the question of altering the level of the lake. I could probably get them to make an easy price for the lift.

The Rural District Council Surveyor to Sir Harry Bunn

I fear that my Committee would be unlikely to view with favour the diversion of labour and material to the construction of secret rooms. If the structures envisaged were, however, intended to provide instructive entertainment by means of representing the manners and customs of past times different considerations would, I think I might venture to say, apply.

Lord d'Aubergine to Sir Harry Bunn

I simply thought it would be fun. There always have been secret rooms and booby traps at the Hall and I just wanted to carry on the old tradition and give some harmless amusement to the next generation or two. However, tell them anything you like. Say it's an elaborate method of Home History teaching, if you like.

The Rural District Council Surveyor to Lord d'Aubergine

The Chairman of my Committee is taking a personal interest in the plans which you have laid. He wishes to be assured that the methods of concealment to be adopted have been notified to the police. He further wishes to know whether the Ministry of Works, to which I would add the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, have issued or propose to issue any specimen plans or give other guidance relating to the best modern practice in the construction of secret accommodation. What have been referred to in the explanatory memorandum as "Booby-traps" are not likely to be favoured by my Committee unless urgent cause be shown.

Alfred Wagg to Lord d'Aubergine

... Sid French was round yesterday to see for himself before the Committee he's Chairman of met and some





"I'm one of the poor devils without an expense account."

of my lads took him into the East Wing and played the Haunted House on him. The machinery is a bit rusty and where he should have fallen clean through the floor it stuck and he slid. They told him the quick way out was through the maze in the north-east wall and it took him better than half an hour to get clear. I was away or it would not have happened. I have done my best to explain to him it was all fun and that was what your Lordship was after; but he went off very surly.

Sir Harry Bunn to Lord d'Aubergine

It seems that the moving crypt would have to be operated electrically rather than hydraulically and the attitude of the Electrical Trades Union raises some

doubts about the reliability of this amenity.

Building Research Consultants to -Sir Harry Bunn

... If complete secrecy is to be ensured acoustic insulation must be as near to hundred-per-cent as may be. Experiments are in continuance to optimize the solution of your problem. It seems probable at this time of writing that a solution may well be found along the line of magnetically suspending the panelling in a mineral oil bath.

Lord d'Aubergine to Sir Harry Bunn

Cut out all the Lord Percy's Fancy, secret room stuff. It is just not worth the fuss. Anyhow, how can you have a

secret chamber when the plans are at the Council Offices? Please give me your advice about switching the money I was going to spend on it to heating the swimming pool.

A London Lad

(A man wrongfully imprisoned in January 1954 has been given a free pardon and a grant of £300.)

TWO years the roar of London town
Rang loud, but not for me;
The people wandered up and down,
And I not there to see.

Now, for my Time unjustly lost,
They wonder what's to pay;
And count it not too great a cost
At eight-and-six a day.

G. H. VALLINS



Everlastings

The Forsyte Saga : John Galsworthy

I
IT started on June 15, 1886, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when an observer who happened to be at the house of old Jolyon Forsyte—

That would be young Jolyon's dad? Precisely. Have a Superfino from Hanson and Bridger's—take two! Well, this was at old Jolyon's house in Stanhope Gate, on the occasion of an At Home to celebrate the engagement of Miss June Forsyte to young—who was it?—one of those newfangled names—

II
"Mr. Philip Bowswiney!"
That's the feller—jumped under a hansom cab. However, at this time he

had only called on Aunts Ann, Juley (for Julia, you know), and Hester, wearing an old grey felt—it was Hester who tried to "shoo" it off a chair—an *architect* if you please, what next?—look at him now—hungry look, bumps over the eyes like—like—

"Like a 'alf-starved leopard," growled the coachman below stairs; he had this knack, from long usage, of echoing the thoughts of all those Forsytes above, who now extended themselves from alcoves, over banisters, round sofas, and curtains, one still gripping the vase he had been examining, to come forward one by one, sidle round, and take a look at this—*architect*!

Another stood apart, a tall woman

with yellow hair and dark eyes and a beautiful figure, whom one of the family had once compared with a heathen goddess; and to her June brought her wild fiancé. "Irene is my greatest chum," she said; "please be good friends, you two!"

Their eyes met an instant.

"Introduce me!" A Forsyte had sprung suddenly from behind the still woman—her husband in fact.

Too late! Wasn't he always a step behind? Poor Soames; often he would stand with his eyes fastened on her neck. And that sniff of his was to spread over years and years, volume upon volume upon volume, till . . . is your chair very comfortable, reader? . . .

"Not worth it!" And the Forsyte who had been carrying the vase smacked it down.

III

Irene was not merely no Forsyte, but in the Preface—which anteceded even the At Home—had been introduced as Beauty impinging on the Forsyte world.

But the father of Beauty impinging—"Heron by name; a Professor, they tell me."

"No money in that."

"They say her father's in cement."

"Ah!"

"Went bankrupt——"

"Oh."

IV

When Forsyte meets Forsyte:

"Nice lot of things you've got about the place—— Do you hear Soames is building a house by the river?"

"The river! Good God!"

"Giving that architect feller, Bosinney, practically carte blanche."

"What's he want an architect for?"

"She wants—the beautiful Irene; feller's always round with his tongue hanging out."

"Poor little June! Soames had better look out—— Now what did you give for this sugar-sifter?"

V

June had come upon them—Irene and Bosinney together—among the azaleas . . .

Soames to Bosinney: "I suppose you find Irene very artistic? Shall we all have dinner?"

VI

Memorable Meals. Dinner with Soames: others present, June, Bosinney, Irene.

Silence: soup excellent, if a little thick.

Fish was handed.

Bosinney: "It's the first spring day!"

Irene, softly: "Yes—the first spring day!"

Fish taken away, a fine fresh sole from Dover. And Bilson brought champagne. Drunk in silence.

Pink-frilled cutlets (refused by June).

Pause.

"Salad, sir?" Spring chicken was removed.

Soames: "This asparagus is very poor."

Apple charlotte. Irene: "The azaleas are so wonderful this year!"

Bosinney: "Wonderful!" Irene: "June doesn't like them, take them away!" Soames: "This charlotte's good!"

Olives from France, Russian caviar. (Soames: "Why not Spanish?"), German plums . . .

Irene, smiling quietly, said: "If only——"

. . . Egyptian cigarettes, Turkish coffee . . .

"Only what?" cried June.

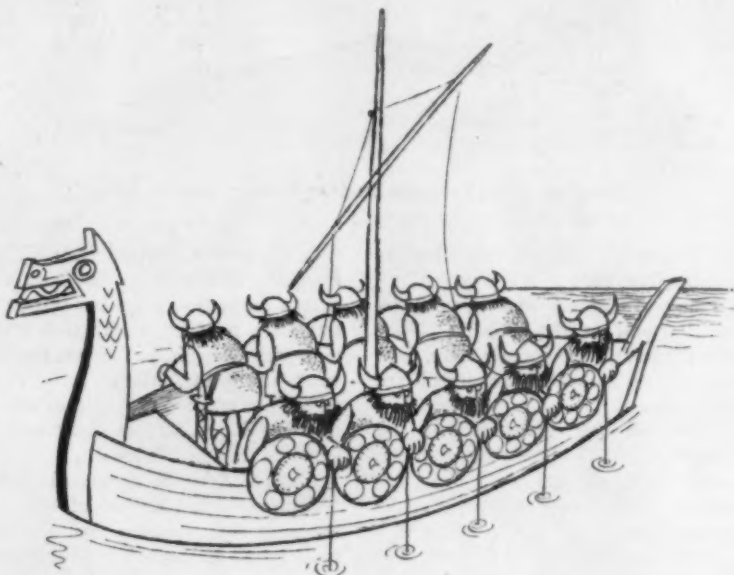
Brandy was handed.

It was pale and old.

As by now was everyone, including Bilson, who brought cloaks.

VII

Men in evening dress had thrown back overcoats, jauntily running up the steps of Clubs; working folk loitered; horses stamped; cabbies clucked; all had shed something of caste, and creed,





"Yoo-hoo! Mrs. Jones—we've brought your husband home."

and custom, as they received a restless blessing from the stir of spring.

June and Bosinney were observed by two Forsytes at the theatre. They didn't, through the opera glasses, look happy. She had bitten her lip till the blood came.

"Let me see," said the second Forsyte. "In the stalls—no? In the dress circle, of course? I hear it's getting quite fashionable with the younger people—"

Well—not exactly. In the—! Obviously, *that* engagement couldn't last.

VIII

Nor did it.

Love is no hot-house plant, but a wild plant, born of a wet night, born of an hour of sunshine; sprung from wild wind. And further—the facts and figures of their own lives being against the perception of this truth—it was not generally recognized by Forsytes that, when this wild plant springs, men and women are but moths around the pale, flame-like blossom.

But how far—they were asking—had those two gone?

They had not, as yet, learnt of Irene's locked door, June broken, Bosinney sued by Soames; who at the club, with his usual persistence, was calling for "One mock turtle, clear."

IX

When young Bosinney fell under the horses, and Irene packed and left, Soames cried "To the Poultry!" and

from his desk at Forsyte, Bustard, and Forsyte's continued to buy and sell, mourn properties, press law-suits, collect more pictures (Tadema—but that ugly great Gauguin?) . . . wars came and went—Mafeking, Marne . . . Peace with a General Strike . . . from time to time Big Ben struck, the clan would be gathered for an interring . . .

Flashes of the old Soames: he hisses "Traitor!" in the ear of one, not unreasonably, dubbing his daughter snob; sends up his card (" . . . might like

to see me") to a Forsyte not expected to last till morning. But if the starch has gone out of our Saga, let us call it Comedy, in tune with these comedic times. Poor staunch Soames!

Comes the night of the fire (it had to come, otherwise how would the lesson of beauty unpurchasable be rammed home?), and the flames are licking at old Walker and the Coxes. Harpignies gone! Constable threatened—give him the squirt! By heaven, Soames isn't going to lose his "Alfred Stevens" or that fellow Turner!

He rushes and grasps at a Gauguin—a South Sea girl with nothing on. She won't come away; but at last yields, and they roll over and over together. But save Courbet! Don't hose the Morlands!

Then he turns, to find his daughter waiting for the heaviest picture to fall on her—plucks her aside, takes the fatal weight of "Vendimia."

X

So at last even he must lay down his 5 per cents—though not before trudging through 6 books, 4 interludes, 2 prefaces, 216 chapters, 1 genealogical table, 17 parts, and 2,164 pages.

Those who have managed to survive hear the swans on the river, and the pad-pad of the White Elephant: Saga itself going to rest.

G. W. STONIER

Just a Smack at Empson

(whose recently published volume of collected poems contains an explanatory appendix)

TURN to the end, boys, turn to the end.
If you're anxious to construe
Verse composed in '32
That is all you need to do—
Just turn to the end, boys, turn to the end.

Tropes that once seemed queer, boys, you will comprehend
After many a year, boys; turn to the end.
Metaphors grow clear, boys, if you condescend
To turn to the end, boys, turn to the end.

Every strange synesis, boys, patiently perpend,
But for exegesis, boys, turn to the end,
And when you write your thesis, boys, this I recommend—
Turn to the end, boys, turn to the end.

Scores for scrannel pipes, boys, are the modern trend,
But to ease your gripes, boys, turn to the end.
Will the *Seven Types*, boys, pay a dividend?
Ah—*respice finem*, boys; turn to the end.

E. V. MILNER

House of Pools

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

THAT our Peerage, Baronetage and our Orders of Chivalry are out of tune with the Welfare State is now very generally admitted. For the able and industrious are not merely exposed to ridicule and contempt as the enemies of society; they are also taxed to the point at which they cannot afford a title even if offered one. As for the professionally distinguished, they have an unfair advantage as it is and nothing should be done to encourage them. Future titles of nobility should clearly go to the mentally under-privileged or at least to such of them as can afford the honour. They should go, in short, to the winners in Football Pool competitions. This would already be the practice had the basic problem been solved of finding titles of dignity unsullied by any taint of merit.

But is this problem really so insoluble? Why should we not have a House of Pools? Lowest in the Poolage would be the Awards, their wives being allowed the title of Aidee in recognition of their help in filling in the winning coupons. Titles would be taken, of course, from the teams—Wolves, Millwall or Barnsley—and former pleasant anomalies of speech would be perpetuated in the titles of Cowdenb'th, Ayr Utd and North'pton. Above the level of Award and Aidee we should have the rank of Highcount and Highcountess. Pools of that dignity might be fairly numerous, but those admitted to the superior rank of Hurl (the wife being—oddly enough—a Pointess) would be few indeed. Highest of all would come the winners of two or more maximum prizes, and for these would be reserved the titles of Markquiz and Fluke; for their wives the dignity of Markcoupon and Muchess.

A harmless and decorative link with the past might well be found in the title of Award Chancellor—at once reminding us of the old and yet fitly symbolizing what is new. The high office of Award Chancellor must not, however, be confused with that of Treblechancellor; a financial office of Cabinet rank. It is the Award Chancellor who will take his seat on the Littlewoodsack, whereas the Treblechancellor will always be a member of the House of Coupons.

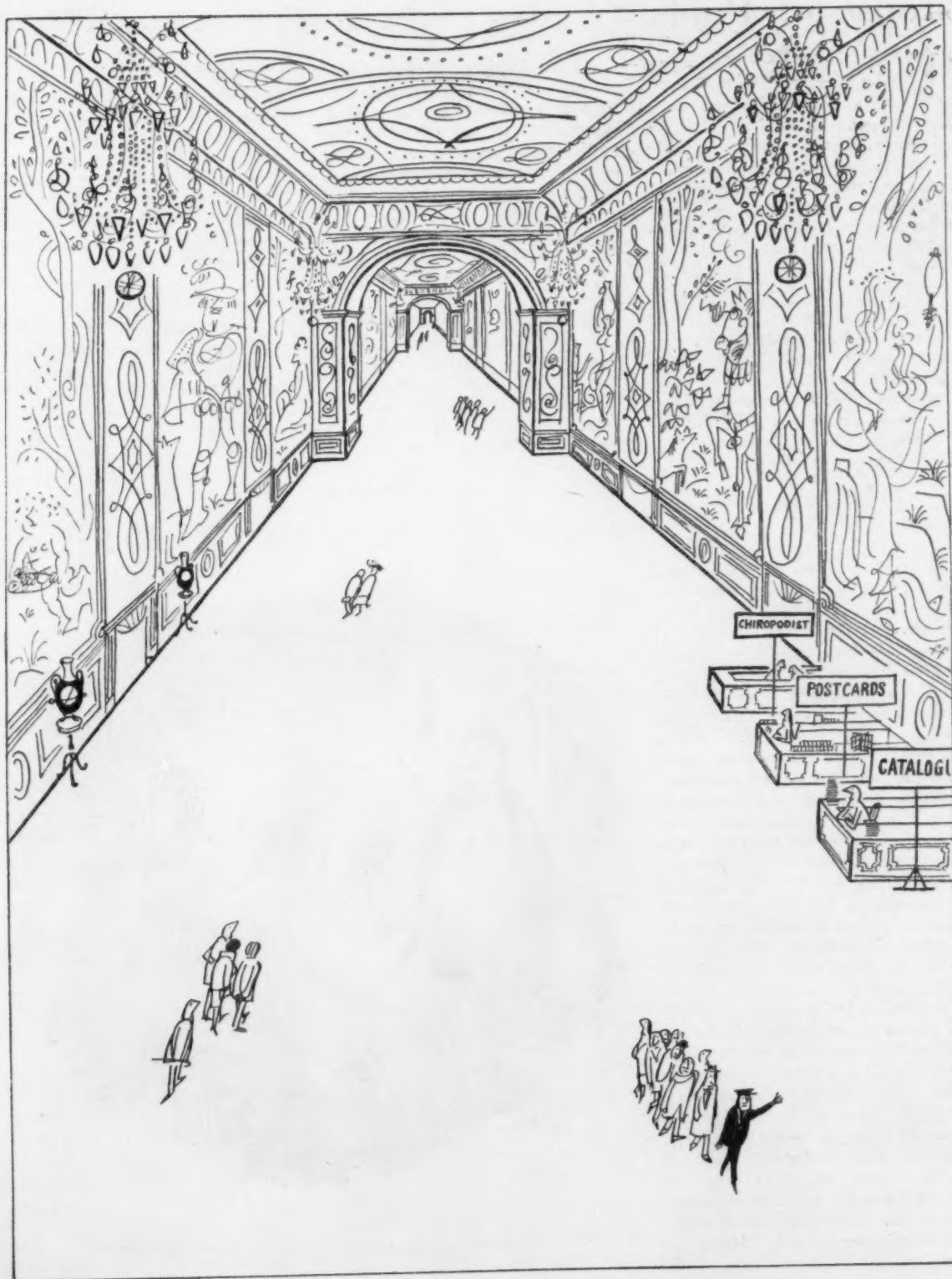
A mere description of these overdue reforms must seem as dull as any other page of constitutional history. To appreciate their full effect we must project ourselves into the future and hide near the entrance to some white-pillared entrance hall, ablaze with light, almost choked with flowers, and yet but the threshold of unimaginable splendours beyond. Within stand the host and hostess for whose benefit the arriving guests are announced.

"Award and Aided Doubledraw," "The Fluke and Muchness of Penny-points," "The Hurl and Pointness of Poolwyn," "The MacWinner of Arbroath," "The Award Bishop of Alright and Mrs. Spotter," "The Honourable Sneaker of the House of Coupons"; as these noble persons make their entry we should note the

glittering decorations worn—the Order of Chance, the Most Haphazard Order of the British Empire, and the Order of the Starter itself. It is these that complicate the problems of precedence for some harassed secretary behind the scenes. Does Admirable Fillin, G.C.O.C., sit above or below Filled-Partial Guesswork? There must be many a headache, many a reference to Burke's Poolage and Candid Entry before the order of precedence can be finally settled. When all is arranged, however, and dinner over, when glasses are filled and the guests lean back, we may hear in fancy the call "Pray silence for his Highest the Larger of Lucknow!" We shall realize then, with relief, that the Welfare State need not be without its own romance, its own pageantry, its own sense of the historic past.



"Better not use up all the bandages before the fight."





In the City



"Assets Exceed . . ."

THE building societies often make strange claims in their announcements. They tell us that we can invest with them "without fear of capital depreciation," that our funds are "literally as safe as houses." Their advantages and their attractions—especially to the small capitalist—are so real that fictitious blandishments are unnecessary and, in my view, do more harm than good. Building societies are popular with the investor in spite of inflation and the historical fact of *real* capital depreciation. And deservedly so.

It is time surely that the societies abandoned their ultra-conservative attitude to Press advertising. For as long as I can remember their copy has consisted of the title (in undistinguished lettering), a facile slogan ("Investment with Security"), a trade-mark (usually a hunk of unlikely masonry), the legend "Assets exceed —," the current rate of interest, and the name and academic qualifications of the manager. Few attempts have been made to induce people to save by reasonable adult argument laced with facts and figures, by sound lay-out and draughtmanship or by touches of humour. And I am convinced that good business is being turned away by adherence to a hide-bound policy of dignified silence.

Building society advertising took its cue from that of the banks, but the banks are now using their newspaper space to display the advantages of a banking account, the multitude of services offered, the peace of mind of Mr. and Mrs. Current Account, and so on. The banks turn out advertisements that are readable, informative, encouraging and helpful to themselves and the savings movement. The building societies could do likewise. They spend a lot of money in trying to keep their names before the public, and then contrive to convert their announcements into blind spots.

Yet they have an excellent story to put over. They can tell a tale of thrift, outline past achievements, discuss family budgets and the incidence of taxation; they could explain what is meant by liquidity, assets, reserves, even by such phenomena as the credit squeeze, Bank Rate, inflation, deflation, disinflation and reflation. And they could expatiate upon the degrees of

security encountered in the various forms of investment.

Which brings me to a second point—the incalculable harm done to the movement when this or that society becomes the subject of unpleasant rumours and achieves notoriety in the news headlines. Not long ago the Exeter Benefit got into some kind of trouble and was rescued and taken over by the Co-operative Permanent. In the end all was well, but not before investors generally had been seriously disconcerted and discouraged.

This then may be the right moment to renew the plea for a pooling of

responsibility, for co-operative action and a collective guarantee fund. The Building Societies' Association represents through its members something like ninety-five per cent of the movement's assets, and the burden of mutual insurance would be a small price to pay for the unwavering confidence of the public. I must add, however, that about four hundred small societies are not members of the Association, and many of them operate in such a way that they could not possibly accept the terms of membership.

It seems hard that the business of the prudent societies—and they are of all sizes, from whales like the Halifax, Abbey National, Woolwich Equitable and Co-operative Permanent to minnows like the Eatanswill and District Equitable Mutual Temperance—should suffer for the headstrong improvidence of the headlined few.

MAMMON



In the Country



Lost Tribes

IT is a melancholy fact that England is fast becoming devoid of game. I don't suppose there are a thousand pheasants left in the whole of Devonshire. Few landlords can afford to rear them; hatching their eggs and feeding the chicks is a job for a full time game-keeper. Left to their own devices pheasants don't seem able to propagate, in spite of the fact that one or two things have gone in their favour, such as the increase in the growing of marrow stem kale, which provides excellent winter cover and feed for the birds, and more important, the complete absence of rabbit traps, which used to account for so many birds. Partridges are scarce too: I've been keeping a very greedy eye on them, but this year I haven't seen a single bird in the stubble. Hares are almost extinct in the West Country. But the greatest disappointment to my palate this season is the absence of snipe.

I was never a good shot and I suppose the jack snipe is about as difficult a bird to wing as any. But with patience and a complete disregard for the number of cartridges I fired I used to be able to rely on at least one snipe feast a year. But though a recent spell of frosty weather gave the valley here just the right background, I spotted only a

couple of birds. We have, in fact, drained them out of existence. They are victims to the subsidy on field pipes. Without marshes we can't expect to find either snipe or wild duck.

Perhaps the time has come when we should emulate South Africa and start our own Game Reserve here in one of the home counties. An area of about five thousand acres would be sufficient. We could stock it with pheasants, partridge, hare, deer, duck and—with the precaution of adequate fencing—a couple of wild rabbits. Unless something like this is done our children will never see any of these species. It's considered degenerate to be concerned with one's palate nowadays, but I think I am safe in urging the creation of this Reserve on the grounds of education. For some perverse reason we still believe in education, though the national profit in that direction seems to be in inverse ratio to the investment made. But I mustn't argue against my own idea. Let us by all means start a Nature Reserve of rare species for educational purposes—though in that case it had better be comprehensive and be a proper Noah's Ark with a live couple of every kind of animal now extinct in the countryside, including carpenters, blacksmiths, honest labourers or willing workers.

RONALD DUNCAN



Criticism

BOOKING OFFICE

Good Company

EVEN the most moral of men does not always want to read improving books. On holidays or in convalescence he will dodge responsibility and escape into closed moral systems, into the comfy isolation of the detective novel or the novel of sexual comedy or the novel of political and ecclesiastical intrigue. A book like *Barchester Towers*, in which the characters are not shown in any relationship to Heaven or Hell or History, is certainly refreshing enough. The great questions are questions of status and the narrative is swiftest when it describes manoeuvre; the Archdeacon might be a civil servant in one of Mr. Balchin's war-time Ministries. Even more fascinating is the real thing. Ecclesiastical biographies and memoirs have the remoteness, the detail and the verve of Trollope without his sentimentality. What could be more delightful than to lie in a deck-chair, put down the heavy volume, so plummily rich with facts, and drift off into imagining one is Domestic Chaplain to an ailing Archbishop and planning fifteen moves ahead?

G. K. A. Bell's *Life of Archbishop Davidson* has something in common with Sir George Otto Trevelyan's books on the age of Fox. We see able men of great industry form alliances, get their supporters into key places and write letters about who will be the next Bishop or what will happen to their revenues if they cannot make a compromise on ritual, rather in the manner of the Whig politicians of two hundred years ago. Military history can be exciting but one cannot forget for long that each successful stroke means death and pain. Economic history has a sour background of unfilled mouths and industrial disease. Political history is one stage further from reality, but even Sir Winston Churchill's *Life of his father* is occasionally darkened by the

shadow of agrarian crime. Ecclesiastical history is concerned with the Church militant very much here in earth and its militancy operates internally. One hears less of slums and sin than of the organization of crusades about slums and sin, with all the speeches and committees and lunch-table chats in the Athenæum.

How exciting the rows over the Public Worship Regulation Act were. How the



Pelhams would have admired the way the Anglo-Catholics were played off against the Evangelicals over the Deposited Book. Although the personal kindness and piety of the Archbishop emerge, as from the last paragraph of a layman's obituary, the real interest is in watching the sureness with which he climbed and the skill with which he retained power. His mastery of the game resembled Lord North's; the contraction, quantitative and qualitative, of the Church of England in the Davidson period suggests some resemblance in statesmanship.

J. G. Lockhart's *Life of Archbishop Lang* is not so full a contribution to general history. The biographer is less

identified with his subject's aims and perhaps less consciously preparing himself to follow his example. His detachment sometimes turns to sardonic glee at watching a Scot on the make. Yet somehow Lang emerges as a more attractive figure than his more diplomatic predecessor. His clear, hard, legal-administrative mind and his bouts of terrifying religious anxiety make him more intellectually and spiritually formidable. He was criticized for being snobbish and imperious where Davidson was criticized for being courtly and oblique. Lang made his name as a Suffragan in a slum area, Davidson as adviser to the Queen on ecclesiastical appointments and as an expert on the recent history of ecclesiastical law. At the time of the Abdication, Lang, whether he was right or wrong, did evoke the first serious attacks for many years on a spiritual leader for leading.

F. A. Iremonger's *Life of William Temple* has to be a rather different kind of book. Temple, like Churchill, was a fighter of genius who got his chance in an emergency. He may have left the paper-work in a muddle and the machine running less smoothly than when he took over, but he won attention and support, some of it dangerous. If Bevin was every Conservative's ideal of what a Labour Leader ought to be, Temple was the non-churchman's model Archbishop. His biographer has to put principles and causes in the centre of his picture rather than policies and tactics. Though Temple's socialist past helped in restoring the traditional swing of the Primacy in the two-party system, he did not work much through politicians, and his biography is always leaving the delights of intrigue for questions of faith and morals and behaviour. Only, perhaps, in dealing with the Life and Liberty Movement and the Enabling Act does it conform to the central tradition of ecclesiastical biography.

Although in the future there will surely continue to be books as delightful

as S. C. Carpenter's affectionately amused *Life of Winnington-Ingram* of London, I am a little afraid that clerical writing may be ruined by the flatness and cowardice that have become characteristic of the lawyers. You have to go back to Serjeant Ballantine, almost to Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, to find anything as amusing as that masterpiece of vivid malice and institutional gossip, Hensley Henson's *Retrospect of an Unimportant Life*, or W. R. Inge's *Diary of a Dean*, with its glimpses of the simplicities of political dinner-parties and its bitter outspokenness about other men. How they would have hated to think of the enjoyment they were giving to a reader escaping into their world! R. G. G. PRICE

Bed of Nails. The Story of The Amazing Blondini. Presented by Gordon Thomas. Wingate, 15/-

Mr. Thomas became Mike Blondini's Boswell after seeing him swallow a poker—"fifteen inches of cold iron"—in a Peterborough café. This account of his extraordinary career as fairground and street entertainer is absorbing throughout. Blondini was taught by his father, The Mighty Atom, to swim, box and wrestle by the age of six; he swallowed his first sword by mistake during the general excitement when Krippio the Swede's unpopular apes escaped from the Monkey House. At fifteen The Human Salamander instructed him in the art of fire-eating, and Osbert the Ostrich explained the practice of regurgitation as an aid to swallowing live mice and chumping up electric light-bulbs and razor blades with the back teeth.

Photographs of him performing these feats, and lying on a bed of nails with four ten-stone men standing on his chest, are included. As an escapologist he was handcuffed, sewn in a sack, nailed down in a coffin and thrown from Hammer-smith Bridge; he also blew himself up with sixteen sticks of dynamite and escaped uninjured. His brief and tragic romance with Kathleen, the young accordionist who died of pneumonia, adds poignancy to this story of a brave and indomitable man. J. M.-R.

The Burning Coast. John Doody. Michael Joseph, 15/-

The "burning" coast is the stretch of shoreline lying between Massawa and Assab on the Abyssinian side of the Red Sea. Mr. Doody, a former member of the Palestine Police, was seconded there for police duties in 1941. This book is an account of his experiences. Mainly he was at sea, commanding a captured Italian two-masted schooner, capable of eight knots, and run by a two-cylinder Bollinder semi-diesel. Covering a hundred miles or so of coastal waters, the author patrolled with his Danakil crew what he calls "the ocean's most ancient highway," checking cargoes, bringing in contraband-running dhows,



transporting camelry troops, and blowing up mines. Mr. Doody writes, on occasions, rather well: he has a nice respect for the "wind-ships of Old Arabia," with which mostly he dealt, is knowledgeable about the ancient history and romance of the Dahlak Archipelago, and generally conveys a pleasing awareness of the beauty and continuity of marine habits and engagements.

Occasionally, his writing comes down to earth with a bump and an exclamation mark. The book's pace is enjoyably leisurely, however, and, if rather short on incident, it offers a genuine change of climate. A. R.

Wingate of the Sudan. Ronald Wingate. John Murray, 21/-

The story of Sir Reginald Wingate, here admirably told by his son, is virtually the story of the Sudan. His were the brains behind Kitchener; and when in 1899 he became Governor-General he set himself to create a modern state from a decimated population and a desert. In this wonderfully successful enterprise he got precious little help from Britain. Apart from paying the British battalion in the Khartoum garrison, Britain spent on the Sudan between 1899 and 1913 exactly nothing. True, she provided the recruits for the splendid Sudan Civil Service raised and trained by Wingate and Slatin; but their pay came from Egypt.

In 1917 Wingate became High Commissioner in Egypt; but after the 1919

riots (which he had foretold) he was relieved of this appointment as a sacrifice to the vanity and obstinacy of Curzon—who later admitted that he had had only the dimmest idea of what was going on. Vindication came afterwards, but amends for the injustice he had suffered, never; indeed the War Office actually made a mean attempt to dock his pension, and he never did get the full amount due to a retired general. Really, as Shaw once remarked, the English do not deserve to have great men. B. A. Y.

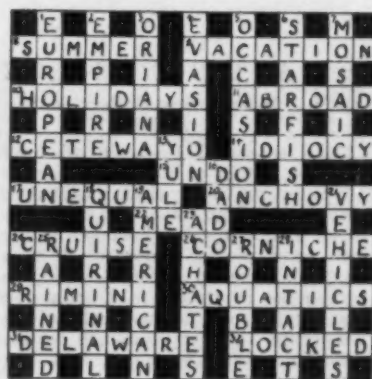
AT THE PLAY

Nekrassov (UNITY)
Such is Life (ADELPHI)

WHEN Jean-Paul Sartre's *Nekrassov* came on in Paris last summer it raised a quite disproportionate flurry, as if a flying saucer loaded with poison had landed in the middle of the Théâtre Antoine. With a vehemence unknown in this country the critics took sides, discovering behind the sparkle of an unusually entertaining satire such different qualities as genius, mediocrity, ethical depth and propagandist cunning insolently directed from the extreme Left against the prestige and stability of the French nation. One gathers that the Antoine's producer made the play as topical as he could, stressing personal allusions which are lost in London. In any case—and very surprisingly, when its admirable resilience to satire is remembered—the French public took to its heels.

Avowedly Left, the gifted amateurs of Unity Theatre were no doubt attracted by *Nekrassov*'s disrespectful attitude to capitalism; but after all it is the job of satire to be disrespectful, and personally I am grateful to them for giving us the chance to see what is much more than a propaganda squib. I think it is far from being the great play some critics have labelled it, but it is the lightest and wittiest piece Sartre has written. Intellectually very nimble, it moves at a pace that takes paradox, metaphysics and straight farce equally in its stride. It opens brilliantly, and is full of dramatic invention, at least as far as the start of the second half; then one begins to see that only by technical skill is M. SARTRE giving a semblance of unity to a series of revue turns, and by the end one feels that a clever juggling act has gone on considerably too long.

In a wonderfully funny opening scene a famous swindler is fished out of the Seine by two tramps, whom he harangues furiously on the sacred rights of suicide. The police, represented by an inspector cramped by philosophic doubt, are on his track. Taking refuge in a flat he finds a harassed journalist whose task of unearthing Soviet scandals is falling down on him. Two birds can thus be killed by the swindler becoming Nekrassov, a Russian leader reported to be in disgrace, and as such he is introduced next



Solution to last week's Puzzle



AL READ

JACK TRIPP

[Such is Life]

morning to the dynamic editor of the journalist's highly irresponsible evening paper. Its directors, a pantomime crew in morning coats, fall easy victims to the confidence trick; the circulation roars sky-high, while embowered in every luxury on the Avenue Georges V the swindler issues staggering accounts of the discomforts and depravity of modern Russia. Faced by a genuine high-ranking refugee, he wins that round too, in a scene at a party which might have been devised by the early René Clair. Gradually, however, he comes to realize that in fact he is only the prisoner of his biggest and most splendid *coup*.

The translation is a little rough, but in spite of frequent changes of scene MARGERY SHAW's production gives the play its natural speed, and the Unity team achieves some creditable character work. The crook himself, a big part, BRUCE TAYLOR carries off with cat-footed assurance; the gentle, tortured journalist is played feelingly by BRIAN JONES; RAY DOWELL gives an original twist to the reluctant inspector, and as the gluttonous ex-Commissar BERNARD GOLDMAN has high moments.

Such is Life is an average twice-nightly music-hall revue, backed by the magnificent precision of the JOHN TILLER GIRLS (who are so much more mathematically perfect than any of their Paris sisters), and containing a variety of turns. AL READ heads the bill. The rest of the audience thought his homely dissertations funnier than I did; a long drunk scene outside a seaside boarding house said nothing fresh about drink, the seaside or

boarding houses, but on my private bourse his stock recovered a number of points with some clever mimicry of Chevalier. JACK TRIPP, whose line is bright-eyed innocence, has a dreadful scene as a recruit but makes up for it with his tap dancing and his mockery of a hard-driven ballerina. And SHIRLEY BASSEY murmurs enthusiastically into a microphone about the splendours of sin. If I were arranging the bill I should put at the top of it BOB and MARION KONYOT, whose slow-motion eccentric dancing is witty and charming; and not long after them the TRIO CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL, pounding the stage in furious rhythm, and the FOUR HURRICANES, three of whom fling a smiling girl around as if she were a parcel at a sorting office.

Recommended

Still the dear old crusted favourites.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE DRESS SHOW

Irish Spring Collections:
Dublin

THE successful Irish, in whatever walk, or talk, of life they make their conquests, usually elect to wear their success away from home. Sybil Connolly is not unique in being honoured in her own country—that comes easily in a mutual admiration society—but she is exceptional in *staying* in Dublin now that she has won international fame in her *métier*. The expedition to see her collection entails basing at least one night in Dublin.

Those prepared to hazard two nights

158

can also attend the presentations of Irene Gilbert and of Raymond Kenna. The attraction of the Gilbert clothes is in their unusual colours and fabrics rather than in individuality of cut and design; and the Kenna somewhat fancy-dress costumes are not a draw. It is the Connolly collection which pulls journalists and buyers across the sea; it is the Connolly collection which has become a bi-annual social event attended by the Irish gentry, men as well as women.

The homespun spontaneity which first tickled the jaded palates of professional fashion tasters and made them herald a new and different designer has not been lost; and withal Miss Connolly has gained authority with each season. Without deserting the handmade tweeds, bainin, Carrigmacross lace, cottage crochet, and Irish linen, she has attained the necessary sophistication of *couture* to become one of the few leading designers outside Paris. There are features in this collection which will influence general fashion trends: the casual easiness of the short-jacketed suits and street dresses; the long-coats which swing out from the natural shoulder with the fullness of a cape, the sleeves being just folds in the fabric tapering to a tight cuff. Miss Connolly shows no sportswear; unless is counted the model "Just for Fun." This, a pair of tight-legged trews of black crochet slotted through with ribbon, would seem more Gallic than Gaelic, and might well, in a French collection, be announced as *pour le sport*.

Raymond Kenna, sped by some ancient dream, has gone back to the Druids for his inspiration, draping and girdling with interminable yards of homespun. This is the sort of thing which can be carried too far, and is. He is safer on classic suits, which he makes in beautiful fabrics, soft, both in colour and feel. Faithfully Irish as are the materials used in these three Irish collections, all the model girls were brought from England. Irish girls' faces are their fortunes, but not their figures. It seems that the colleen is, as Miss Gilbert bluntly explained, too broad in the beam.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

IN THE PRESS

The Quoting Game



WHILE Sir Anthony Eden's reputation was dragged about like an old boot, newspapers blamed or credited one another for the idea and the whole thing was profitably prolonged. The old game of quoting one another was played so expertly and so quickly that it was not easy to see who had begun it, or who was carrying it on.

One thing was certain. The *News Chronicle* played no major part. It could not properly side with the Establishment, weirdly championed by the *Daily Express*. Nor could it join the anti-Establishment establishment, chiefly represented by an

eerie alliance of the *Spectator*, *New Statesman* and *Daily Mirror*. Nor could it mingle with the mercenary mob, brought together by the first announcement in *The Times*.

Generally the *News Chronicle* has been regarded by the others as an honest and well-meaning failure. It has been considered a place for the reporters who did not wish to intrude upon private grief or popular medicine or talking dogs. Experts arguing that the paper could only survive by becoming 'Tabloid' pointed to the success of *The Star*. They did not wish the morning paper any harm but they could not help feeling that it was a sickly offence against the norm.

The *News Chronicle* is not only surviving. It shows signs of fresh heart. Publicly the management have announced that it will not become a Tabloid. No more sensation had recently been offered in its columns than the subjects of monopoly, education, the innocence of Richard III or the equipment of British Railways can provide. But, in acquiring the copyright of the *Daily Dispatch*, the *News Chronicle* has also acquired and held three hundred thousand new readers in the north, where the fighting is fiercest.

More thoughtful editorial comments on the *News Chronicle* can be expected.

MARSHALL PUGH

AT THE PICTURES



Les Grandes Manœuvres
The Man With the Golden Arm

THIS has been a good week: there are four good new ones to recommend. Perhaps it would be best to begin with a few lines about the two that are on the whole of less striking interest, proceeding to longer reviews of the others.

First, *Trial* (Director: MARK ROBSON), an excellent adaptation by DON M. MANKIEWICZ of his own novel about the conscientious lawyer's defence of a Mexican boy at his trial for murder, with an impressive performance by ARTHUR KENNEDY as a background Communist. Then comes *The Desperate Hours* (Director: WILLIAM WYLER), from the novel and play by JOSEPH HAYES, a very well done suspense piece founded on that situation that never seems to fail, of the fugitive criminals who force an ordinary householder—vulnerable because of his anxiety for his family—to hide them. (Householder and leading bad man illustrated here.)

Now for the more important ones. In detail, *Summer Manœuvres*, or *Les Grandes Manœuvres* (Director: RENÉ CLAIR) is signed in almost every foot; but considered as a whole, as a story, it is not at all a characteristic Clair work. That is one's immediate reaction, and yet looking back at the list of M. CLAIR's films is a salutary reminder of

their very great variety in theme and character. Everyone tends to think first of *Le Million* and *Sous les Toits*, as if they set a tone; but the last three Clair pictures we saw were *Les Belles de Nuit*, *La Beauté du Diable*, and in 1948 *Le Silence est d'Or*—all enjoyable and full of M. CLAIR's individuality, but all different, and all very different from that 1930-31 pair that he must be tired of hearing mentioned.

This one is an artificial, period (before August 1914) comedy that some writers have found disconcerting because it turns into something a little more serious at the end. In my time I have objected as much as anybody when a film did not hold to its convention; but it should surely be allowable to make a deliberate effect by moving from one convention to another, and that I think is what is done here. Certainly we can't find the shift of emotional emphasis as disconcerting as the two principal characters find it; and the fact that they are upset, after a light-hearted beginning, is the perfectly legitimate point of the story.

The scene is a French provincial town two or three months before the first world war. A dashing young cavalry officer (GÉRARD PHILIPPE) with a reputation as a Don Juan makes a bet that he will, before the "grandes manœuvres" next month, become the lover of a woman to be chosen by chance. After great difficulty, he succeeds, at the cost of falling genuinely in love for the first time; the "unhappy ending" comes by way of her discovery that he did it for a bet—as the regiment leaves for the manœuvres, she has refused to see him again. It is—or by the end, it has become—the kind of story for which a favourite adjective is "wistful"; but in detail it is full of the ingenious playfulness that is the basis of the Clair style. The repetition (the sword always left behind, the cup-breaking incidents), the comic down-to-earth effect (the two workmen plodding with a "Tombola" placard into the elegant ballroom), the contrived chance for silent-film method (people seen through the shop-window)—these too are all characteristic. What is new is colour: this is M. CLAIR's first film in colour, and most charmingly it is used. All told, very pleasing indeed—and I'm not among those who found it a little too long, either.

Nor, unlike some other writers, do I take any high-minded attitude about *The Man With the Golden Arm* (Director: OTTO PREMINGER). It is enough for me that I found this story of a drug addict intensely absorbing, brilliantly made and admirably acted. True, the ending implies a certain probably unjustified optimism as we see the man and his girl assuming that he is finally cured of his addiction, but I don't think it is dishonest—we aren't told that they proved to be right. It is at least certain that he can expect a happier everyday life and

more responsible care than he has had hitherto; and what the film does insist on is that it took a great deal of extremely bad luck, bad companionship and general misery to make him resume the habit after a hospital cure.

By this time I hope there is no longer any need to argue about FRANK SINATRA's merits as an actor. His performance as the addict here is quite first-rate. The other characters, mostly pretty questionable morally, are all well played. Not a pleasant film, but stimulating, not depressing, in its general effect, and as continuously gripping as anything I ever saw. The "X" certificate—though it may attract some simple minds incapable of appreciating the picture at all—will keep out anybody it could really mislead.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, *Les Diaboliques* (14/12/55) and *Richard III* (28/12/55) continue; and it may be that *The Tender Trap* (4/1/56) can still be found.

Most notable new release is *Cockleshell Heroes* (30/11/55).

RICHARD MALLET



[*The Desperate Hours*

Dan Hilliard—FREDRIC MARCH
Glen Griffin—HUMPHREY BOGART



ON THE AIR

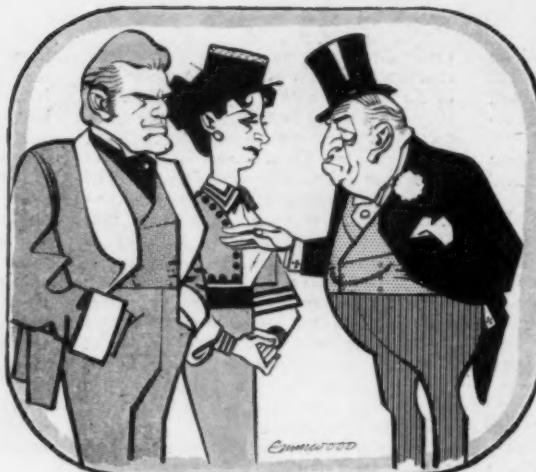
Shaw, Griffith, Solomons

THE first half of *Pygmalion*, up to the moment when Eliza comes adventively unstuck, is delicious: thereafter the intrusion of Shaw's music-hall philosophy slows up the action and converts rich comedy into somewhat tedious farce. The new B.B.C. production (by Peter Potter) danced through the comedy and limped through the farce, so that the play's unevenness seemed more marked than usual; and if I am to apportion the blame for this I can only suggest that Pat Kirkwood, Keith Michell and Charles Victor failed to dazzle the viewer into cheerful acceptance of Shaw's weak dramatic composition.

Even so the revival was very enjoyable. Charles Victor made a fine job of Doolittle; Pat Kirkwood, after an untidy start with an unconvincing Covent Garden brand of Cockney, gave us a lively Eliza; and Keith Michell, as Higgins, was effectively loutish, cynical and ebullient. All the other parts were played with competence.

Quite suddenly both B.B.C. and I.T.A. have decided to screen some of the deepest deposits in the film libraries, and after sampling the initial efforts of the B.B.C.'s "Movie Museum" and I.T.A.'s "Jack Solomons' Scrapbook" I commend both series and strongly advise a considerable extension of the experiment.

"Movie Museum" is covering the foundations of cinema entertainment with excerpts from the classics of repertory and forgotten one-reelers of fifty years ago. The other week we saw a D. W. Griffith production *A Girl*



Professor Higgins—KEITH MICHELL
Eliza Doolittle—PAT KIRKWOOD
Mr. Doolittle—CHARLES VICTOR

[Pygmalion]

and *Her Trust*, a wonderfully exciting souvenir of the days when every thriller included a railroad race between engine and manually-operated see-saw truck. The film was backed by suitable music (the conventional pianoforte medley) and a commentary drawing attention to the wiles of the pioneer producer. Unfortunately this programme lasts only fifteen minutes, which means that the fare is restricted to "shorts" or snippets.

The B.B.C.'s film flashbacks are snatches of history and nothing more: but "Jack Solomons' Scrapbook" uses old film to illustrate the hardy perennials of sporting controversy. We are invited to compare the fisticuffs of the ancients, Jack Johnson and company, with the mauling mastery of the moderns. Old news-films are surprisingly screenworthy, and the number of sporting problems awaiting solution—How good were the All Blacks? Were the Blue Devils as

skilful as Hungary's new soccer stars? How would you select a world cricket team to play Mars?—seems infinite.

Jack Solomons is of course concerned solely with boxing. He speaks well, in an appropriately earthy accent, and seems no more disturbed by the bright lights and cameras than Joe Louis was by Schmeling. It is refreshing on occasion to escape from the modish elocution of standard B.B.C. performers and hear the native pub-notes wild of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Scotland and the West. I enjoy the round-up of commentators in "Sports Special" as much for their varied accents as for their breathless buffeted reports on the day's soccer.

Another old-timer who has made the grade on I.T.A. is

Jack Hylton. His programmes of variety are stacked with glamour and competent music-hall, and when I am in the mood—that is when I am a very tired business man—the mixture of syrup and corn is wonderfully soothing. Hylton, too, talks without affectation or fussy attention to the niceties of conventional diction. His is the forceful language of London's Tin Pan Alley, and here I find it much more acceptable than Americanese or Oxford-atte-Portland-Place.

If the commercial service occasionally surprises by revealing signs of technical perspicacity and an interest in middle-brow culture, its run-of-the-mill programmes remain dim-witted and dreary. "Colonel March of Scotland Yard" is typical of the serialized rubbish that accumulates under the badge of Associated TeleVision, and I am saddened by the appearance of that worthy performer Boris Karloff in the title rôle.

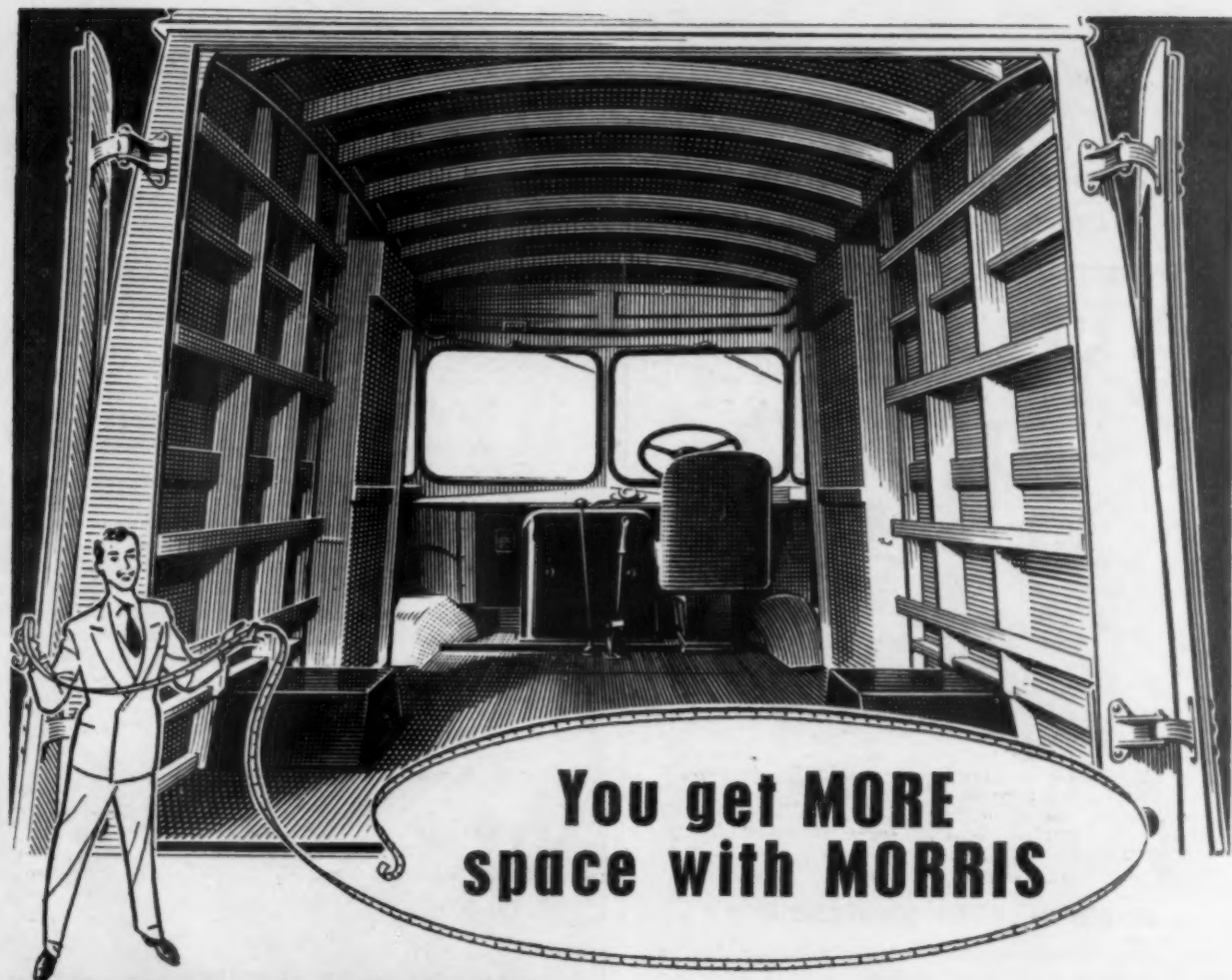
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS.

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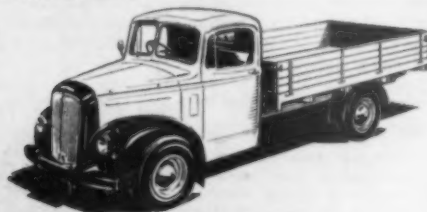


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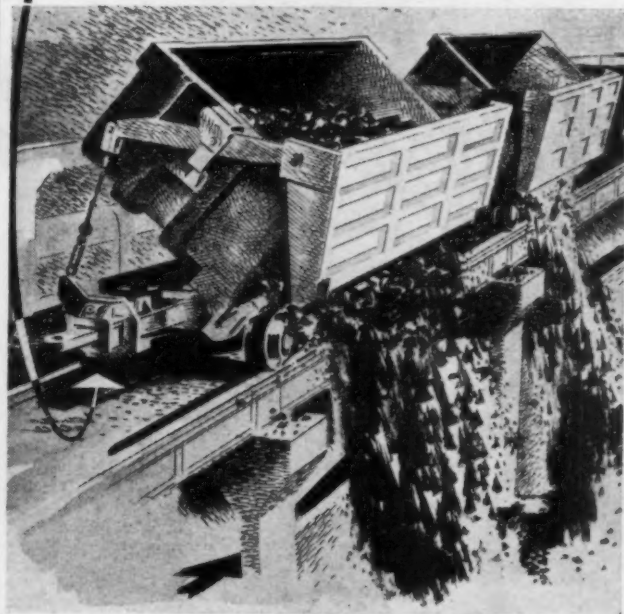


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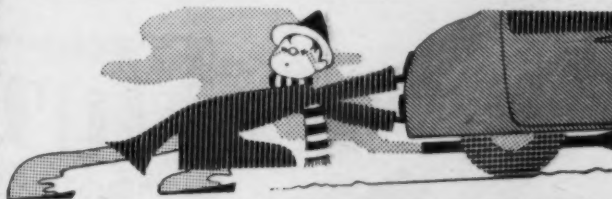
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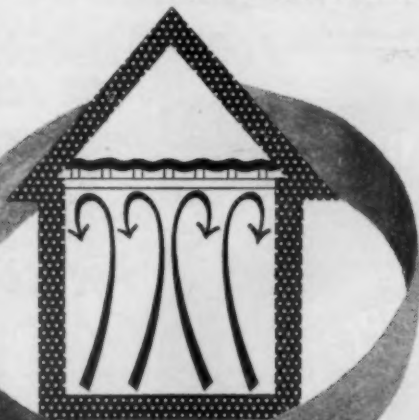
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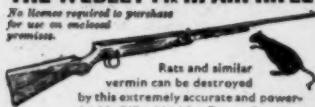
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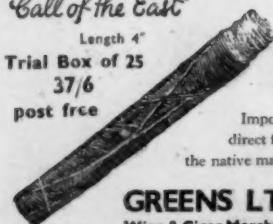
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1 Which of the following wrote Shakespeare?

- (a) Max Bacon?
- (b) Christopher Marlowe?
- (c) Bernard Shaw?

2 'Rise to't good Elbow.' Was Elbow

- (a) A simple constable in *Measure for Measure*?
- (b) A simple device for lifting Flowers Bitter?



3 *Measure for Measure* — an essential character is Froth.

Would you

- (a) corroborate this statement?
- (b) complain to the landlord?

4 Why are we going all Shakespeare in this advertisement?

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